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PICTURES OF SOUTHERN CHINA

By REV. J. MACGOWAN

AUTHOR OF 'A HISTORY OF CHINA,' 'CHRIST OR CONFUCIUS,' ETC.

WITH SEVENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS



THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

LONDON

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

56 PATERNOSTER ROW AND

65 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

1897

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CHAPTER I

Shanghai

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SHANGHAI is one of the most remarkable and flourishing cities of the East. The traveller who visits it for the first time is attracted by its picturesque appearance. As he stands upon the deck of the steamer, and its various glories come slowly into view, he is fascinated with what he sees, and as the vessel winds her way through long lines of tall-masted ships and men-of-war of different nationalities, and huge unwieldy junks, to its final resting-place alongside the wharf, he gets the impression that rarely in his life has he beheld a scene that has so charmed and delighted him as this. The effect is increased by the comparative suddenness with which the beauties of the Settlement have burst upon his view.

After leaving the broad Yangtze, along which the vessel has steamed for many miles, as though she had been on a veritable sea, she enters the Whangpoo at Wusung. For fourteen miles the river winds its way through a country in the highest state of cultivation. On both banks a charming and ever-varying scene meets the gaze. Fields covered with luxuriant crops, as green as Nature with her wonderful alchemy and with this ever-flowing stream as her ally can make them; clumps of bamboos and willows, which cluster

around hamlets and villages, through which the roofs of houses can be seen peeping, and which conjure up before the mental vision familiar scenes in the homeland; and household groups scattered throughout the fields, busy tending the crops that the land has given so lavishly in response to their labours, are the prominent features of the landscape.

But the river has its attractions as well as the country. Junks with huge sails and square bows and brightly painted eyes, without which it is believed they could never find their way; and fishing-boats, from which the nets are constantly being deftly thrown by hands that never miss their aim; and sampans crowded with passengers; and steam launches towing huge boats with cargoes for the steamers that cannot cross the bar at Wusung, all tend to enliven a scene that never becomes dull or uninteresting.

The variety of the pictures upon which we have been looking has made us forget for the moment that we have been rapidly approaching Shanghai. A turn round a great bend in the river, however, changes the whole current of our thoughts, and brings us almost instantly from country into city life. Great buildings, very much like Lancashire cotton factories, with tall chimneys belching forth volumes of smoke, stand conspicuous on the bank. A little way ahead and we reach extensive wharves, alongside of which steamers are discharging their cargoes. Still further on we find ourselves at the entrance of a harbour that seems so blocked with shipping that ingress appears to be an impossibility. Our captain, however, threads his way along the narrow avenues formed by the ships at anchor as deftly as though he were only guiding a carriage instead of an ocean steamer. We pass the Japanese and American Consulates, then swinging round another bend come in front of the Bund,¹ where we look with wonder upon the splendid

¹ Esplanade.

business houses, that seem like palaces. Still on we steam, with the English and French mail steamers on our left, and on our right the new Custom House with its beautiful tower and clock that is just chiming the half-hour. Still on we glide, till finally the engines have stopped their throbbing, and we lie alongside the wharf on the French Concession.

A walk along the Bund tends to increase the ad-



BRIDGE CONNECTING THE ENGLISH WITH THE AMERICAN CONCESSION.

miration we felt as it seemed to move by us for inspection, when we looked at it from the poop of the steamer. The first thought that strikes one is the magnificence with which everything has been planned. That the English have imperial ideas is manifest from the sights that burst upon us, as we leisurely stroll along. It would seem indeed that trade had not been the prime motive in bringing men from their far-off homes to this land, but rather the desire to build pala-

tial residences, and plant trees, and lay out broad and spacious streets. That this was not the case is quite evident, though it is equally true that higher forces than the mere passion for gain have been at work to produce the splendid results that appear before us. Whilst Englishmen have the commercial instinct strongly implanted within them, and there are few nations that can successfully compete with them



A SCENE ON THE ENGLISH BUND.

in matters of business, they are moved by higher thoughts than merely the desire to accumulate wealth. There is a profound consciousness in many of them that England's mission is to elevate the world. This idea exalts commerce, and drives out the meaner motives in connection with it, by surrounding it with beautiful houses, and exquisite gardens, and lines of charming trees, that all tend by the association with the beautiful in nature and in art to prevent men from

sinking to the low and sordid ways that trade is apt to develop.

The Bund is wide and spacious, and kept in splendid order by the members of the Municipal Council, who have never lost the home spirit in their love for well-kept roads. On one side is a broad pathway lined with trees that throw a pleasant shade upon the ground and keep off the fiery rays of the sun when he feels his strength in the hot months. The effect of these trees is particularly beautiful after dark, when electric



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ENGLISH BUND.

lamps flash their dazzling light upon them, and when the trembling leaves shimmer beneath the invisible touch.

On the other side are the business houses, which are also residences, and which have been built as though their owners meant to live there for ever, and with such artistic beauty and disregard of expense as would give the natives the idea that the owners were all men of fortune before they began to trade.

One very striking object that stands in a conspicuous

place at the head of this Bund is a flagstaff, surmounted by a large ball and having a number of flags flying from it. These are weather signals that inform the maritime part of the community what kind of weather is prevailing at that moment at sea, both to the extreme north and down the southern coast as far as Hong-Kong. In a little house at the foot, explanations of the above signals are given, together with forecasts of the weather that may be expected within the next few days, both in the Yellow Sea and in the Formosa Channel. That this system is highly appreciated by the captains of sea-going ships is evident from their frequent visits to this place, and the earnestness with which they study the statements recorded from day to day. This is specially true during the typhoon season. Then all outward-bound captains study their barometers, and mark every rise and fall. The direction of the wind and the look of the sky, but especially the signals that are hoisted at this station and the directions within, are marked in their memory as something to be well remembered. The thought of having to meet a typhoon is such as to affright the boldest mariner, for what can science or skill do to make him confident that he shall successfully carry his ship through that awful hurricane, which has sometimes cast the finest vessels shattered on a rocky coast, or hurled them with all hands to the bottom of the ocean?

The next prominent object is the new Custom House, which is well worthy of a place on this road where so many beautiful buildings abound. The position is admirably chosen for its purpose. The merchants' offices are grouped on each side and behind, whilst the ships that have come in with their cargoes are either moored to the wharves, or anchored in the Whangpoo that flows in front of it. It is therefore easily accessible to all the different classes that are constantly requiring to use it. Beside all this, its large clock makes it a public

benefit, for its face can be clearly seen at a considerable distance, whilst every quarter of an hour its chimes remind the passing throngs and the dwellers in the neighbourhood of the lapse of time.

A little further on is the statue of Sir Harry Parkes. It stands just off the road where the crowd is the greatest, and where from morn till night the sounds of footsteps rarely cease. No Englishman acquainted with the history of this man ever passes by it without feeling in his heart that it well deserves the place it occupies. No representative of England in the Far East ever more thoroughly sustained her honour, or by firmness and justice in his dealings with the high authorities of this great empire constrained them to carry out more fully the treaties they had made.

Of course the charm of this magnificent Bund is considerably enhanced by the river that flows by. The scenes upon it are ever varying, and full of the deepest interest, especially to an Englishman, in whom love for the sea is born. Vessels of nearly all nationalities lie anchored upon its broad surface. Here is a large English man-of-war that looks the very emblem of strength. Beyond her lies a huge French mail steamer, that with her many tiers of decks seems like some great fortress transferred from land to sea. Further on is an Italian man-of-war, with her beautiful flag that reminds one of that sunny land where art and song found their home and flourished so long. And scattered thickly about are French and Chinese men-of-war, and merchant steamers, unwieldy-looking and unsymmetrical, unlike the ideal ship, especially when contrasted with the beautiful clipper close by, with her four masts and trim-set yards, and endless lines of ropes that run throughout each other in a hopeless maze, that only the eye of the experienced sailor can follow.

The scene is indeed beautiful. The sky is blue, with here and there a fleecy cloud sailing leisurely by. The

sun flashes down his rays, and the water sparkles as though it were made of diamonds. His beams play upon the sides of ships and amongst their rigging, and when the shadow of the passing cloud falls upon them they hurry off and touch the sails of junks, and light up the vessels in the distance, and flood the houses on the Bund, till the whole landscape is filled with beauty.

The panorama is continually changing, and so full



A CREEK WITH BOATS LADEN WITH FIREWOOD.

of life that one's interest never flags. Steam launches rush up and down the river as though running for life, uttering the while unearthly screams. Chinese junks, some with flowing sail, and others beating against a head-wind, have a picturesque and old-world look about them as they thread their way amongst the newest specimens of Western civilization. Huge rafts of wood from up country drift down with the tide, and Wusih boats with their luxurious accommodation for interior travelling, and countless sampans that reck-

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ANOTHER VIEW ON THE ENGLISH BUND.

lessly cross the paths of larger boats in their hurry to carry their fare to the opposite side of the river, all contribute to produce a picture that, like the changing views in a kaleidoscope, is endless in its variety.

The scene upon the Bund is in no way inferior in interest to that just described. This great thoroughfare is crowded with passengers the livelong day. Of course the vast majority are Chinese, and of all grades of society. There is the coolie, rough and unkempt, with his bamboo pole and ropes with which he will carry his load, and with thews and sinews that would enable him to fell an ox. Close beside him comes the scholar, with pale and refined-looking face, and with that peculiar swing of body affected by the literati of China. Immediately after, three or four 'boys' swagger along smoking cigars, and making themselves generally offensive. These are in the employ of foreigners, and they think that by imitating the most objectionable manners of their masters, and by consuming tobacco, they are on the high-road to civilization. But watch the crowd as it moves to and fro. Here pass before us shopkeepers, and beggars in ragged and unsavoury garments, and wealthy merchants in silks and satins of the most brilliant colours, and blind fortune-tellers, and dilapidated broken-down wrecks, and young bloods, and pale-faced opium-smokers, all making up those varied forms of life that constitute Chinese society.

In addition, the foreign element is conspicuous, and in some respects as diverse as the native. Wealthy merchants drive by in luxurious carriages. Brokers rush about in one-horse chaises, speed seeming to be the ambition of their life, and perhaps haunted by the thought that should they take things leisurely, some sudden fall or rise in the exchange would cause them to miss a fortune. Sailors from the men-of-war, with rollicking manner, their faces wreathed in smiles, sprawl about in rickshaws, uproarious in their enjoyment, as the coolies, hot and perspiring, fly along at

their highest speed in response to the excited shouts of their fares. Men of different nationalities mingle in the throng, and we see Parsees, with their strange hats, and Coreans, and Japanese, and representatives of all the Western nations that have come to this great mart for the purposes of trade.

Next to the carriages that play such an important part in the every-day life of this city, the rickshaws are the most prominent, and of the most service in affording pleasant and speedy locomotion from one place to another. In shape they are very much like a two-wheeled perambulator, with long shafts, between which the coolie that drags it stands. They are found in considerable numbers in almost every street, either on recognised stands or moving slowly along the road in search of a fare. That their numbers are very large may be learned from the fact that, not including those under French jurisdiction, there are three or four thousand running in the English and American Concessions alone.¹ The men that work them are on the whole very civil and very industrious, and do their work well and pleasantly. They seem to have vast powers of endurance, for they never object to a fare, no matter how distant his destination may be. They go along at a steady trot for miles without a murmur, and though they must in the longer journeys find themselves distressed, the only indications they exhibit are the heightened colour of the skin and the gradual

¹ Shanghai is made up of three territorial Concessions—the English, American, and French—which have been granted to England, America, and France by the Emperor of China for the use and enjoyment of the citizens of those countries. Chinese rule stops at the boundaries of each. The three nationalities, through their representatives, administer their own home laws in the government of their subjects, whilst Municipal Councils have control over purely local matters. A Mixed Court, in which a foreigner and a Chinese official sit on the bench, has been established for the trial of cases where the Chinese are concerned. The Americans have no separate Council of their own, as they have elected to be under the jurisdiction of the English one.

moistening of their thin garments with perspiration. Like the cabmen at home, they will sometimes endeavour to extract a larger sum than is their due; but if the legal fare has been given them, it requires only a few pleasant words to send them away smiling and, outwardly at least, satisfied. The Chinese have an inherent respect for law, and the fear of losing their licences, through being reported to the authorities for



TWO LADIES ON A WHEELBARROW.

having infringed it, makes them very careful in their treatment of passengers.

Another vehicle on the street which also plays an important part in the life of the common people, is the wheelbarrow. It is less respectable, and in the town at least is patronized only by those that do not care to go to the expense of hiring a rickshaw. The barrow is a purely Chinese institution, which tradition says comes down from the period of the 'Three Kingdoms.'¹

¹ It is said to have been invented by the great general and strate-

It is slow, uncomfortable and undignified, but it is cheap—a matter of vast importance in the eyes of the Chinese masses, who are not troubled with an overplus of money. It is within the reach of the poorest, and has been a factor in the life of the Chinese from the earliest times. It can be used in the by-ways throughout the country where the rickshaw could not venture.

The Chinese barrow is differently constructed from the English. The wheel is large and in the centre, projecting considerably above the level of the boards, and leaving room on each side of it for the passengers to sit, or for luggage, which is strapped on to a bar that runs over the wheel, and which also the hirers may hold on to when it is in motion, or when the needs of the case require the vehicle to be tipped up. The weight of whatever is on the barrow is thus thrown upon the wheel, and all that the driver has to do is to propel it. The usual complement of passengers is two, though on occasions more than two can be accommodated with ease.

These barrows are invaluable for carrying luggage. Each one is supplied with ropes and pulleys by which a good number of boxes can be strapped on, and for a moderate cost conveyed to any part of the town. The comfort of this arrangement can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have arrived in Shanghai with a considerable amount of luggage. A rickshaw would be unsuitable, whilst no carriage is at hand that can be immediately used. Barrows abound everywhere. One is called, the boxes are strapped on, the man's number noted, the address given, and in a short time they are faithfully delivered, whilst the expense is but a fraction of what it would have been had one been compelled to seek and hire a carriage.

In connection with the Bund the prominent position

gist K'ung-Ming, who lived during the dynasty of the Three Kingdoms (A.D. 181-234), in order to facilitate the transport of his army stores over the bad roads of Sz-Chiwan, in his campaigns with Sz-ma-i.

the shipping occupies plainly indicates how the prosperity and indeed the very existence of Shanghai depends upon commerce. Jetties and wharves, where boats and great steamers are unloading their cargoes, are numerous along the whole water frontage. When there is a pressure to get a steamer away to sea, the greatest activity prevails at these the livelong day, and very often into the small hours of the night. It is amazing with what rapidity a heavily laden ship can



TYPES OF COOLIES.

have all her cargo taken out, be reloaded, coaled, and sent away outward bound.

This work is done by coolies, whose whole time being occupied in it are well qualified by experience to do it thoroughly and expeditiously. The moment a ship arrives, and the hatches are thrown open, a stream of poorly dressed but sinewy men invade her at every open gangway. They are noisy but good-tempered, and every man with his bamboo and rope has business stamped on his face. What a pressure there is by every man to get to the place where he can lay hold of some-

thing, and thus begin to earn his wages. There appears to be an utter want of system in all this hurry and scramble, and when two sturdy fellows stride away with a loud shout under a heavy load, it would seem as though there might be a great risk of their walking off with it, and never being seen again. This disorder, however, is the result of a defined system by which the greatest amount of work can be got at the cheapest and quickest rate.

The merchants know nothing directly of coolies. They have compradores, or headmen, who contract to load and unload a ship for so much. The coolies, therefore, are the servants of these men, who engage them at a certain market rate, and who have under-headmen and friends who superintend the whole business, and see that the work is done thoroughly, and that all the cargo finds its way into the godown.

The compradores make their fortunes out of these contracts; for the coolies are underpaid, and have to do all the hard work whilst their masters pocket the gains. There is so much competition, however, that they have to submit to the present system. The country towns and villages from far and near send in their surplus labour to this great emporium, and the supply therefore is greater than the demand. The labouring classes are numerous in China, and in their own districts they are miserably paid.¹ They therefore flock in large numbers to the ports, where if they get double or treble the sum they could earn at home, they consider themselves exceedingly happy.

As you come in contact with the first rush of the batch that are to unload the steamer by which you have arrived, you would imagine that they are a wild set of men, to whom it would be unsafe to trust oneself beyond

¹ The ordinary labourer is paid about ten cents a day anywhere out of the ports, and in some places even less. One hundred cents at the present rate of exchange are worth about two and three-pence.

the reach of the strong arm of the law. This impression would be unjust. One sees them at their worst. They are in their working clothes, and in consequence of the Chinaman's distrust of cold water they are grimy and untidy. They are, moreover, strangers in this busy city, and with the love of home that characterizes their race they are living meanly and poorly, and eat barely enough to sustain life, in order to be able to send as



TWO COOLIES IN THEIR STRAW WATERPROOFS.

much of their earnings as they possibly can to their families. If these men could be seen at home, they would be found pleasant, kind-hearted fellows, simple in their tastes, and trusty companions, if one had to make a long journey with them.

The ordinary working men of China, wherever we have met them, are as a rule a simple-hearted, genial people, whose character grows upon one the more they are known and studied. Rough and uncouth though

they may seem to be at first, there is a native politeness and fund of humour about them that draws one to them the more one gets into their inner life. Just mark the change that has come over this man, that we now meet in his home, since we saw him amongst the crowd of coolies that rushed wildly into the steamer in Shanghai, when she arrived at the wharf. He is a farmer now, though still poor, and showing by his dress and surroundings that he has to struggle hard to keep the wolf away from the door. There is an easy, semi-dignified way about him, that one never dreamed he could assume, when he was seen covered with perspiration and panting under a heavy load under the burning sun. Now he is a landowner, and though possessing only a few small patches, he is tilling his own property. And see how Nature responds to his efforts. With deft hand he sows the seed, and plants his vegetables, and, recognising the hand of a master, she covers his ground with luxurious growths in return for the skilful way in which he has entered into the spirit of Nature, and penetrated the secrets of her workings.

But let us now turn away from this busy thoroughfare, where ceaseless crowds, and noble buildings, and beautiful trees, and flashing sunlight, and hum of human voices are found, to some other streets that make up the city, and let us take the one that stands perhaps next in importance—the Nanking Road. The entrance from the Bund is narrow, and the houses for some distance irregular and unsymmetrical, though they are strongly constructed and well finished, and give one the impression that they are tenanted by people who are prospering in the world. Whatever this part of the street may lack from a picturesque point of view is fully compensated for by the large volume of business that is every day transacted in it. Here are gathered, from every quarter of the settlement, men and women who have any conceivable want; for if it can be met in any part of the town, it is here that it will certainly be supplied.

A young lady wishes to order her trousseau, for example, and with many a blush that mantles her cheek from a mistaken idea that every one knows the purpose for which she has come, she can obtain everything she requires just as fully as though she were in London. A man desires to be dressed in the latest home fashion, so that if he were transferred from Shanghai to Rotten Row he would find no glance of surprise cast upon him by the fashionable society there. He can do so here. A mother comes in with her girls. The summer has just gone, with its red-hot sun, and winds as scorching as though they had passed over a furnace or across the great Sahara, and she wishes to select some autumn goods for dresses. The girls' eyes sparkle as they rove from one to the other, whilst the mother wishes her purse were longer, so that she might gratify her own feminine longings, and at the same time those of her daughters. All these, and everything that may be required, either in the household or for the person, may be found in this street. If a person is of an artistic turn of mind, and wants fine specimens of art, or to look at the newest books that have made their mark at home, and whose fame has reached this city through reviews and newspaper editorials, he has but to step into a shop in this street, and there the sound of human voices, and the rush of carriages outside, are banished by the faces and scenes of the fairy land to which he is introduced by the new books that he glances through, to see if some favourite author writes up to his old ability and eloquence.

Or perhaps one is out for a stroll accompanied by one or two young people. The day is fine, the streets are filled with life, and the sun is making everything as beautiful as his golden rays can. Mark how the eyes of the children gleam as they come within sight of 'Sweetmeat Castle.' There is no resisting the eloquent pleading of upturned faces as by look and entreaty a plea is made for a visit. How the faces beam and

the eyes kindle as they enter within the delightful gates of this fascinating castle! No stern warders stand by the door, but smiling faces and pleasant greetings. And what a scene with which to enchant the eyes of the youngsters! Here are chocolate creams, done up in boxes that have been got up with the finest art, and sweets not left to their own native attraction to fascinate the visitor, but wrapped in paper of many hues and devices and tied with ribbons with such artistic colours that there is no resisting the appeal they make to the imagination. Here also are all manner of cakes and ices and confections of every description that the ingenuity of the mind has been able to conceive. This is indeed an enchanted bower where youth would love to linger long.

It is now time, however, to pass on to another part of the street, but before doing so let us have a good long look at the jeweller's shop across the road, and in order to understand how varied are the treasures it contains, we must enter the building; for though the windows have been filled with the finest works of art, they give but a slight idea of the marvels that crowd the interior. As we enter, a Chinaman approaches us, and in soft and gentle accents intimates that he is ready to wait upon us. We find that the establishment, though wedged in between great firms that belong to foreigners, is Chinese. We need not be disappointed at that, for we shall find ourselves just as well served and get perhaps a larger assortment than if we had gone to one of the shops a few yards down the street. We are shown a great variety of articles in silver, with most exquisite designs worked upon them, and modelled according to the highest ideal of Chinese art. As we look upon the quaint figures and old-fashioned landscapes with which they are adorned, we get a glimpse into the workings of Chinese thought, and see how stereotyped the ages have made it. In these pictures in silver we see preserved the identical conceptions of the master-minds of antiquity as they

then issued from their brains. Succeeding ages have been so enraptured with them that they have never dared to change them, but they have been taken as models by every artist in the land, whose highest ambition has been to reproduce them so faithfully that in no respect shall they differ from the original designs.

Besides these curious specimens of workmanship, there is a profusion of all kinds of rings, and beautiful watches, and magnificent fans, all of which are so tempting that it is no wonder that large sales are made every day, and that those who have the money to spend are attracted to this place, where the most æsthetic tastes can be met and satisfied. We are invited by the polite Chinaman to step upstairs, where there is on view a large and varied assortment of silks and satins of every hue and colour, that have issued from the most famous looms of the country. To some minds the display of goods here would seem even more attractive than those that charmed one downstairs. What rare colours and rich designs and subtle workmanship do we not see in these rolls of silk as they are deftly unfolded to our view! With untiring patience, characteristic of his countrymen, article after article is shown us, with the hope only that we shall become customers in the future, for our courteous attendant knows that we have come here only at his invitation to inspect his goods, and not with the intention of purchasing.

But we must tear ourselves away from the fascination of this wonderful shop, and continue our journey. A few minutes' walk brings us out of the more confined and narrow portion of the street, where so much wealth and commercial life are represented, into a wider part of the same road. A few foreign stores fringe the edge of the way into which we have emerged, but we come almost immediately upon buildings that on both sides are occupied entirely by Chinese, and this we find to be the case for a long way up the street. And what a busy

steady and sober Celestials have been making. But stay, what is the meaning of the excitement that has suddenly seized upon the crowds in the road, and caused every one to rush to the sides? We look hastily up the way, and our hearts at once begin to beat quickly. This is no comedy, but something that may in a few minutes turn into a terrible tragedy.

A horse, with an open carriage, has run away. Left for an instant to itself, and terrified by some strange sound or sight, it started on a wild career down this crowded street. Listen to the sound of its feet as they strike sharply and with an ominous intensity on the hard, smooth road. There is power there, but it is the power that has lost its control and is a menace instead of a blessing. But here it comes. What a weird look the animal has rushing down amidst the long lines of silent spectators, as though it were a competitor at the Olympian games, or racing before the countless thousands in the galleries of the Colosseum! Look at it as it gallops by at racing speed, with its eyes flashing madness, and every fibre of its body strained to the utmost in the desperate race it is running. In a moment it has vanished; the pent-up, breathless crowds surge into the middle of the street to gaze with bated breath after it, as it vanishes in the distance, and then with heightened colour and excitement in their eyes they pass on to their various destinations.

As we pursue our course we come in front of a building which differs from all that we have so far seen. It is not a shop, neither is it a dwelling-house. A large blank wall with open gates, and inside, a courtyard in which are congregated a number of common-looking Chinese, who do not seem to have any special business to occupy them, make us wonder what this establishment can be. We enter, and find ourselves in a court of justice, in fact, in what is called the Mixed Court. It may be well here to explain what this term means. The Chinese living in the various Concessions



A SCENE AT THE MIXED COURT.

are still subjects of China, and do not come under the jurisdiction of the foreign courts that exist for the control of the various nationalities that have come to China to reside. Still, although this is the case, they are residents in a territory which has been handed over by the emperor for the especial use of either England, America, or France, and where the mandarins have no authority whatever, and where the imperial will does not



A NATIVE COURT OF JUSTICE.

run. As to a certain extent they are under foreign rule, and pay taxes and are protected in life and property by one of the powers, a court has been established where a Chinese mandarin and a foreigner sit on the bench—one to look after the interests of the subjects of China, and the other to see that justice is administered and the rights of the Concession preserved from any undue infringement at the hands of the Chinese authorities.

When we enter, a case is being tried, and Chinese

fashion the defendants are kneeling on the ground, and waiting in this humble fashion the decision of the judges. The accused are scamps, and well deserve the castigation they will soon receive. It seems they had decoyed a young married woman from her home on the plausible ground that her mother was exceedingly ill, and had engaged them to bring a sedan chair and carry her to her home at once. Without consulting any one, and taking but a change of clothes with her, she got into the chair, but instead of being taken to her mother's house, she was carried into a distant part of the town and there sold to a man, who had her put into a boat and despatched with extreme haste to a city in the interior, where she was disposed of for three hundred dollars to become the concubine or second wife of a wealthy man. After great pains the Chinese detectives found a clue to the whereabouts of the woman; her abductors were apprehended; and as they all lived in the English Concession, the case is being tried in this court. After careful investigation of the whole matter, the evidence is found to be decisive against the prisoners. At a hint from the mandarin, they are thrown violently upon their faces and two hundred high-sounding blows are administered to each, by a man who seems to look upon his business as a fine art. They are afterwards condemned to wear the cangue, or wooden collar, for two months, and to stand on the main street for certain hours each day, where the passers-by can gaze into their faces and read the story of their misdeeds that is pasted on the wooden frame through which their heads project, to be a warning to all men that have secret intentions of breaking the law. A Chinese policeman is always near at hand, to see that no attempt shall be made by their friends to release them from punishment, and that no active insults by the younger and more frivolous of the passers-by be attempted against them.

We pass out of this building, where the shadiest side



A MAN CONDEMNED AT THE MIXED COURT.

of human life, as represented by Chinese rascality, is to be met with, and our minds are busy thinking how different are the processes by which the ends of justice are attained in this ancient empire from those that are in vogue in Western lands. The methods of the judge in the purely native courts are stern and to the point. He first of all begins with the assumption that the accused is guilty. This clears away a great deal of initial trouble and tedious formality. He has a vast amount of liberty in the treatment of his case, and is unrestrained by any charters that secure the person of the subject from illegal treatment. There is no law to bind him down to any particular course in his handling of the case, but he is allowed to use any plan that may suggest itself as likely to elicit the truth. When he is satisfied that the prisoner is guilty, he has the power of executing summary punishment upon him at once; for to the poor or those who have no influence to back them, there is practically no higher court to which they can appeal against what might be considered an unjust sentence.

That the criminal law system in China, in spite of its manifest and glaring defects, has proved on the whole satisfactory to the nation at large is proved by the fact that the people have endured it so long without any extensive protest being made against it in the past. From an English point of view it would be utterly unsuited to the genius and civilization of the West, and would be the cause of rebellion, were it introduced there. The mandarin has the power to apprehend and imprison at his pleasure any person accused before him. The prisoner is not allowed to call witnesses in his defence, neither has he a large liberty to speak on behalf of himself. The man who has the longest purse is the most sure of gaining his case. A Chinese court of justice is the most venal in the empire. The judge usually pays for his position, whilst his salary is small and insufficient. With one

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exceptions all the officials in his court receive no whatever. The mandarin is understood to reimburse himself for the amount he has given for his office, to pay by a considerable sum besides during the years he is in power out of the squeezes and what he gets from the unfortunate persons that fall within his grasp. His underlings are paid in the same way, so that it may easily be imagined what oppression and injustice prevail in all the courts throughout the country.

The Chinese, however, whilst they grumble, seem to allow things to remain as they are. There is no objection but that this system has one excellence. It is expensive to the executive, for beyond the salaries of the gaol officials there are no considerable expenses, as the prisoners are supported either by themselves or their friends. A pittance is allowed them, so small that it will hardly keep body and soul together, and were it not for the generosity of those who deal with them, or of benevolent individuals outside the gaol, they would die a miserable death from starvation. The men we saw condemned to wear

and bright appearance that such articles should have is lost. This does not matter to the Chinese, who do not regard dirt as a drawback; but when the tastes of the foreign community, with its home training, had to be consulted, it was considered imperative that the street hawkers and the wayside stalls should be done away with, and a market under sanitary officers established, where cleanliness could be secured, so that every



A TRAVELLING KITCHEN.

one would feel satisfied with the food that was daily placed upon the table.

At first there was a tremendous outcry by the Chinese against the innovation. Such a thing had never been heard of from the golden days of Yau and Shun to the present. The poor man, they said, would be robbed of his rights to the free occupation of the streets, where he was rent free and without supervision, and a unanimous agreement of all concerned was come to that the splendid new market should stand empty, as far as they were concerned. They had, however, to deal with

a race as sturdy as their own, and besides the former were masters in their own Concession. If the Chinese did not wish to be under English rule, let them migrate to the neighbouring city across the creek, where they would come under the control of the mandarins. This, of course, they would never dream of doing. To do so would be to make themselves liable to be squeezed, and cheated by Yamen runners (the mandarin's officers), and certain other officials that in the name of the law prowled about, like the mongrel dogs of the city, in search of prey. Seeing that the foreigners were determined to carry out their purpose, the Chinese resigned themselves to the inevitable, and were as vigorous in their efforts to rent stalls as they had been active against their erection. In a short time the place looked as though it had always been one of the institutions of the country, so thoroughly at home had the market men made themselves in their clean and commodious quarters.

Of course, from a home point of view it is a very natural-looking building, but to an old resident in this land of fossilized antiquities it comes at first sight with startling effect. As one passes through the lines of goods for sale, one feels as if he were in England, instead of in a far-off Eastern land, where foul odours abound wherever the people congregate for the disposal of perishable wares.

But let us go round and see what the market has for sale. Here are legs of mutton and carcasses of sheep, and sides of beef as fat and as tender-looking as though they had come from the Downs, or from the pleasant meadows of Kent, where rains and early dew had enriched the grass upon which the cattle had been fed. Further on all kinds of game, that have found their way from inland waters, are displayed in richest profusion. Grouse and partridges and beautifully coloured pheasants, fattened amidst the cornlands of the interior, and wild geese and ducks that had

their home amongst the lakes, or on the mighty Yangtze, hang here side by side. And then what a variety of vegetables, some of which have no names in English by which they can be described, meets the eye! The Chinese are great believers in vegetables both from a common-sense and also from a pecuniary point of view, and so they are largely cultivated in



MIDDLE-CLASS SHANGHAI LADIES.

the market gardens, and indeed throughout the whole empire.

But see the goodly array of fruits that enliven the scene, and by their tempting appearance lure the passers-by to purchase. Here are grapes, purple and luscious-looking, from Tientsin, and pears from Newchwang, and corpulent mangoes from Manilla, and persimmons and custard apples and plantains, besides others that are known only in this region of the world. Further on, fish of all kinds are laid out in the most

approved style so as to make them appear as though they had been caught only a few hours ago, either in the river that flows by the Bund, or in the greater one of which it is the tributary.

But it is now time to quit the Nanking Road, and walk along some of the cross-streets, which, though not so broad and imposing-looking, still play an important part in the life and commerce of Shanghai. These generally assume more the appearance of a native city, though their cleanliness and width, and the absence of abominable odours, would plainly declare to a person who knows China that they are no product of Chinese design or management. One is struck with the odd way in which the signboards are hung in front of the shops from iron arms, that cause them to project a little way from the building, and also how the more enterprising firms have their names emblazoned on white calico, that is stretched across the street and catches the eye of the passer-by long before he reaches the shops they advertise.

A large amount of wealth is concentrated in these unsymmetrical-looking buildings, and goods of the rarest as well as the commonest and cheapest manufacture are stored in them, ready at a moment's notice for inspection and sale. Here is a book shop, with all the famous productions of bygone days; and novels which are read as eagerly as they were a thousand years ago; and essays by men that were famous in distant ages for their learning, that the incipient scholars of to-day buy and study, in the hope that they may catch the inspiration of their genius, and become as illustrious in the world of letters as they.

Further on are a number of curiosity shops, that certainly belie their name by the very unattractive appearance they present to those that look in upon them from the outside. They usually have a dull and dingy look, for no effort has been made to set out to advantage the rare productions of former ages and the priceless

relics of the past, that set the blood of the collector coursing through his veins when he first catches a glimpse of them. Here are beautiful vases with those special colours that are so justly famed, and so rarely to be found nowadays. The men of the present day have lost the secret which the artists and potters of former days possessed of making those particular hues; and unless some genius shall arise who shall be able to rediscover the vanished art, these valuable produc-



THE HEAD-DRESS OF A WOMAN.

tions will remain the sole mementoes of a skill and artistic power that the present generation attempts in vain to imitate. Close by is a finely shaped bowl of a delicate cream colour, which looks for all the world as though it had been manufactured in Europe, so foreign is the pattern. It is of a purely Chinese make, however. How fragile it is! It seems as though it would be crushed by the mere effort of taking it in our hands. As we hold it up to the light, we discover to our amazement that a dragon in perfect shape, with

every limb distinctly marked, winds its way around the side, making a most perfect water-mark, which can be seen only when held in this particular position. And as we look around, the rarest treasures in every shape and size meet the eye, and we find ourselves gazing with delight on exquisitely formed vases in richest blue and green and gorgeous orange colour, whilst figures of fairies, ingeniously shaped from roots of trees, and huge urns, and bronze images of ancient worthies whose names are enshrined in the history of the Chinese, and scrolls in ancient characters, take the spectator's mind, as if at the summons of an enchanter's wand, into the hoary ages of the past, and for the moment he has forgotten that he is living in the nineteenth century.

As we stroll on we find ourselves in the Honan Road, a busy thoroughfare, where the people seem oblivious of everything but business. The shops are all well stocked, and bear the air of prosperity. If any one wants to spend his money, he will find ample opportunity of doing so here, and at the same time of purchasing something rare and valuable, if he is on the outlook for such. The conspicuous feature in this road is the silk shops. These are famous throughout the town, and if a lady wants silks or satins of any description whatsoever, she will get the largest assortment and the greatest variety that may perhaps be found in China in them. Here is one close by us. It has an unpretentious air, and gives no indication of the large quantities of beautiful fabrics that are stored within it. The windows are narrow and intended to give light, it is true, but they have been constructed mainly with the idea of repelling burglars, who might have a desire to visit the place at unseemly hours, and obtain the treasures within without paying for them.

The front door is large and open, but the glimpse one gets of the interior through this gives one no conception of the immense business that is carried on within. The Chinese tradesmen are different from those in England

in this one respect, that they trust rather to the reputation they have obtained than to extensive display of their goods by which they hope to tempt the passers-by. A draper in London, for example, would have magnificent plate windows, wherein would be exhibited specimens of the goods he has on hand for sale. Here it is different. A blank wall, narrow stone windows, an open door, figures flitting to and fro, shelves filled with goods



CHINESE LOOM AND WOMAN WEAVING.

done up in paper—that is all the outside world sees.

Let us enter. As we do so a Chinaman bows to us, and asks politely what our wishes are. We tell him, and the counter is quickly covered with the productions of Hangchow, Soochow, and Wenchow, all celebrated for the delicacy and beauty of the silks that are produced there. Roll after roll is brought for our inspection, and soon our eyes are feasting upon the most

exquisite productions of the Chinese loom. Some of the silks are expensive and fetch large prices, but the ordinary run of really useful materials cost only from one and sixpence to two shillings a yard. There is a lady buying at another counter a beautiful mauve, shot with gold, that sparkles with a new gleam every time it is moved, for which she is charged only a little over a shilling a yard. Labour is cheap in China, and the weavers who produce these beautiful silks live in the interior, where the wage of the workman corresponds with his simple wants, and where he would consider himself well paid were he to receive fourpence or fivepence for a long hard day's work.

We continue our ramble through the town, and as we wander on through the mazes of people that still with unceasing tread hurry hither and thither, we turn a corner and come into Foochow Road, and immediately there rises up before our view a building, lofty and spacious, having such an imposing air about it that we at once wonder what it is. It is unlike any other house that we have hitherto met, and is built of red brick, pointed and finished in workmanlike style. With its lofty towers and iron-grated windows, and noble entrance guarded by massive iron gates, it seems like a castle. On inquiry we find it is the newly built police-station. Truly the people of Shanghai carry out their works on a magnificent scale, and they seem determined at whatever cost to impress upon the native population the majesty of law by the costly preparations that have been made to enforce it upon all classes of the community.

Close by is the junction of four roads, where the concourse of people is always great. It seems like the meeting-place of streams that, flowing from different directions, pour their waters tumultuously into one particular spot, and cause the noise and uproar which such masses of undisciplined tides are apt to make. The crowds converge here the livelong day, and what with rickshaws racing from different directions, and

heavy carriages booming along, and coolies carrying their burdens at a steady trot, a babel of sounds is perpetually heard here, and sometimes exciting scenes are witnessed, when some ambitious driver or reckless rickshaw man, ignoring the living tides that are ebbing to and fro, endeavours to drive his vehicle at a high rate of speed.

There is one feature in this crowd that stands out conspicuous from all the rest, and that is an English policeman. He represents one of the three classes employed by the Municipal Council for the maintenance of order, the other two being Sikhs and Chinese. It is interesting to watch the easy and self-possessed way in which he stands amidst the moving figures that he is there to control. There is a profound sense of superiority that acts not only upon himself, but also on those about him. He cannot speak the language of the people, but he has an arm that seems to have the power of speech in it; for with a wave here and there he can unravel the tangled mass, and send each one on his own particular road. His face is a pleasant one, and evidently inspires the people with confidence, and yet there is nothing of weakness in it, as is soon manifest by the summary way in which he deals with some unruly passenger, who is determined to set at naught the rules of the road for his own especial benefit. But even then there is no harshness or cruelty, but the hand of a man full of good temper, who is determined that public right shall be maintained.


The Sikh is a very different man, and is looked upon with a great deal of fear and a large amount of dislike by the common people. He is a splendid-looking man, tall and as straight as an arrow. His eyes are black, and seem as though hidden fires were ever burning behind them, for they flash and twinkle even when they are at rest, but when he is excited they flame with passion and reveal the volcano that burns

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deep within his soul. With his huge turban in the most graceful folds around his head, and his fitting uniform and his soldierly bearing, he is the very emblem of a man that was born a warrior. But he is wanting in the chivalry of a real soldier, and his treatment of the people he comes out on the street to protect has developed more from fear than love. And no wonder, for he is a terrifying man, and to an ordinary onlooker would seem to be the superior of the kindly-looking Englishman who moves with such good nature in his looks through the passing crowds. The contrast between the two, as one sees them on duty, is a striking one, and makes one think how formidable an army of such men as the Sikh before us, in battle array, with all their courage and enthusiasm that slumber behind those steady eyes, ready to be enkindled at the sound of the bugle, must have been, and what pluck and nerve they needed by our men when they sternly met them on the field of battle in India, and shattered their ranks as they rushed with terrible fury against the 'red line' that stood manfully to await their onslaught.

Of the three the most feared is the Sikh, and the most hated. The English or Scotch policeman treats the Chinese with a good-natured, semi-patronizing air, the result of conscious strength and the feeling that he belongs to a superior race, and who therefore, from the very nature of the case, can take a leading position without any appeal to brute force to maintain it. The Sikh is different. He does not belong to an imperial race, but has been conquered by the countrymen of the sturdy fellow that moves with the air of a conqueror on the beat beyond him. Still, he is a proud man, and the fighting instincts are strong within him, and he looks with the supremest contempt on any people that are not ready to stand with sword in hand and dare to contest with him the right of being the strongest. The last idea in the world that the Chinese have is this, for their instincts are peaceful; and so the profound contempt of this warrior race leads him to look with disdain upon them, and when an opportunity occurs to show it in a practical way, that inspires anything but love in the breast of this long-suffering people, he does so.

But the day is passing away, and the evening shadows have fallen thickly upon the road, and still the crowds move on in the darkening twilight in an undiminished stream. Suddenly the shadows flee, and the dark figures that began to look like spectres are instantly illumined by a brilliant glare that flashes upon them, and that lights up their faces with a weird look, and that falls upon the houses and makes them seem as though a dozen moons were shining with concentrated power upon them. This transformation scene has all been effected by the electric light, that has just been turned on. How beautiful everything looks under its marvellous spell! It touches with its fairy fingers the strange and unpicturesque Chinese residences and places of business, and turns them into abodes where kings and queens might live. It flashes



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the trees that line the road, and the leaves under the invisible spell and reflect back a light that no moon has ever been able to evoke. It is as if a sun were shining down upon the panting rickshaw man, as hot as fire, and as he is spinning he whirls his fare along, and the threadbare clothes become transformed and glowing under this brilliant light.

There is still another feature in Shanghai life that needs a description. It is one distinctively characteristic of this city, and is such an important factor that to pass it by would be to make the picture of the town incomplete. It is the opium palace. This, as may be inferred from the name, has very little in common with the ordinary opium dens to which the poorer classes resort when they wish to ease the intolerable craving which makes life a misery when the hour for the smoke comes round. There the comforts are few. A mat on which to recline, a bamboo pillow, and a few necessary utensils for the inhaling of the opium, are sufficient to satisfy them. The one thought in their minds is to be delivered from the

what appears to be an alley-way, leading perhaps to some street beyond. We hesitate, and think we have made a mistake, but a bystander assures us that the opening we see over the heads of the crowd is really the door of the palace. We join in the onward movement, and in a few seconds we find ourselves inside the building. We extricate ourselves as quickly as possible from the moving mass and stand aside, whilst.



TWO MEN LYING IN LUXURIOUS POSTURES READY TO SMOKE OPIUM.

as if by a preconcerted plan, it steadily pursues its way up a broad flight of steps to the rooms above.

We are amazed at the numbers that flock through that open door. At one moment there is an almost entire cessation of visitors, and then they come in numbers like those with which we entered. After we have watched this process for some time, we ascend the steps, and find ourselves on the first floor. This is a large and spacious room, in which tea tables are plentifully scattered about, at some of which parties of Chinese are

drinking tea and eating melon seeds. We soon find, however, that though the providing of tea is one of the features of the establishment, its chief and supreme object is to cater for the needs of the opium-smoker, its best and most paying customer. For this purpose numerous small rooms are daintily and even luxuriously furnished for his accommodation. Pipes and opium are laid out in the most tempting manner, and the easy, comfortable benches, and the elegant surroundings of each apartment, must have powerful attractions for the man who comes in with the craving already gnawing at his heart.

The evening is still young, yet the serious business of the night has already begun. Many of the rooms are occupied, some of them by middle-aged men, but the most of them by those who are not much over twenty. Here is a pleasant-faced young fellow, with the flush of health still upon his countenance, and with the look of a man that has large possibilities before him in the future. He is decidedly handsome, and his bright sparkling eyes and his manly bearing draw out our sympathies, and we feel what an infinite pity it is that he should so early come under a force that will in time quench the fire in his eyes and make a wreck of that noble frame, so that the only ambition that will be left him will be to sleep his hours away under the influence of the opium pipe. We stand and look at him, but he sees us not. He is absorbed in the tedious business of manipulating his opium, and of getting it into the diminutive opening in the bowl of his pipe, and has become oblivious of everything else that is going on around him. He has not even taken the trouble to draw the curtains, so that he might screen himself from the gaze of others.

In the next room is one a few years older, but how different-looking! He is pale and sallow, with that peculiar hue of the skin which the opium after a time dyes it. His eyes are dull and heavy, and on his

face is a strained expression, as though some heavy burden lay upon his soul. He is still young, not being thirty, but he has the look of a man ten years older, for the shadow of premature decay is upon him. His fingers, which are thin and finely shaped, are working fast to get the opium over the lighted lamp, and then he puts the large stem of the pipe into his pale, thin lips, and eagerly inhales the fumes that are to give him deliverance from his misery. The shadow of a sickly smile flits over his wan features, and as the process is repeated his eyes begin to brighten, and the anxious look to slowly disappear. The grip of the fiend has been loosened, and he feels as though he could enjoy life once more.

‘How does this smoking affect you?’ we ask him.

‘Oh! it takes away the craving that comes at a regular time every day, and it dissipates the aching in the bones that accompanies it, and it stops that terrible restlessness that nothing but the opium can overcome.’

‘By-and-by, when you have taken enough to make you sleep, do you have beautiful dreams and magnificent visions that float before your imagination until you wake up again?’

When we asked this question, we had De Quincey in our mind, and the pictures he described, which he declared he had seen when under the influence of opium.

‘No,’ he emphatically declared, ‘I have not. I never see anything of the kind, and I have never heard of any other opium-smoker doing so either. The only charm that the drug ever has is to dispel the misery and torture that are caused by its use. No blissful scenes wile away the hours of deep slumber under which opium places me, and I wake up free from pain, but with the uneasy consciousness that in a few hours I shall have to go through the same monotonous process that I have had to do daily for the past ten years.’

We pass round the room, and the picture varies but

little. There are young fellows in the prime of life, whose faces show a large amount of intelligence, and men in middle life with emaciated features and opium-dyed skins, with here and there a very moderate sprinkling of those who seem to have been able to resist the direr effects of the drug, and to be comparatively robust and strong. All these are busy, as though their very lives depend upon it, and fortune and fame are to be the reward in forging the chains upon them of a master, than whom no more relentless a one has ever tyrannized over human life. We see no old men in these luxuriously furnished rooms. It is not because there are no aged opium-smokers, but because they are rare. Their absence here, however, is a significant fact, showing that the demon that rules here likes to deal with the strong and the vigorous, and with the men whose minds are quick to think, and whose ambitions soar high, but who in heathen life can find no way by which the highest forces of heart and brain can secure a fitting object on which they can expend themselves.

After a time we ascend to the storeys above, but they are all very much a counterpart of the one we have described. By-and-by, when our curiosity has been somewhat satisfied, we begin to have an uneasy feeling that the company we are in is of a decidedly low moral character. We examine the faces of the men around us more critically, and we come to the unhesitating conclusion that every one belongs to what might be called the seamy side of life. As this conviction grows upon us, the atmosphere seems to be polluted. We cannot stay any longer in this huge assemblage of men whose main purpose is to debase the noblest faculties of man. We estimate there must be nearly a thousand people in the building, and contact with such oppresses us. We descend into the street, and the sight of the stars high up in the firmament and the touch of the cool air upon our faces bring to us a sense of relief; but we think with horror of the fell influence that this and other establish-

ments of the same kind, both in the English and French Concessions, are exercising every day upon large numbers of the community.

A visitor to Shanghai is impressed not only with the noble appearance of its buildings, but also with all the sanitary arrangements that have been made. The streets are kept in perfect order, and scavengers and dustmen and water-carts are continually on the watch to render them as pleasant and as wholesome as the labour and the art of man can make them. Even in those streets that are inhabited entirely by Chinese, there is a complete absence of those awful odours which are of the very essence of a Chinese city, and in which the Chinese seem to revel and thrive. There is a marked difference in this respect between the English and French Concessions. No sooner is the creek crossed that divides the two than one is conscious of this, and the feeling increases as we approach the street that is bounded by the city moat. This one especially gives a bad impression of the way in which the authorities manage their sanitary matters. It is badly swept, and dirt lies in corners and by the wayside, and things have a frowsy, unclean look. Even the very rickshaw men seem to be dominated by the prevailing untidiness, for in dress and cleanliness they are decidedly inferior to the same class in the English settlement.

One great and sufficient reason for the satisfactory condition of the English Concession, from a sanitary point of view, is the abundant supply of pure water. For many years the inhabitants had to depend entirely on wells and on the river that flows by, the water of which was carried to the houses by water-carriers. This was most unsatisfactory, for the water of the river, contaminated by the Chinese city that lay close by, was a most deadly enemy to human life, and spread typhoid and other diseases that were often fatal to those who drank it. Even though arrangements were made for filtering and boiling, it was a continual menace;

for the Chinese servants, who never drink cold water themselves, would often not take the trouble of boiling it, though they declared they had done so, and thus the lives of their masters were being daily imperilled. Within the last few years a waterworks company has been started that has done royal service to the community. The river that flowed so calmly by and that men looked upon with suspicion has, by the application of science, become their greatest friend, and has turned this settlement into one of the healthiest in the East. The company's works have been established on the American Concession, a long way below where the mass of the population resides. At high flood-tide, when the water has flowed in from the Yangtze and is in the purest condition, it is let in to great gravel beds that have been prepared for it, and where it undergoes a series of filtering processes that renders it almost absolutely pure. It then finds its way along the iron tubes that lie buried beneath the streets, and is carried into every house that is willing to pay the tax, and where by a system of high pressure it is conveyed to the highest rooms in the loftiest buildings. Thus the Municipal Council has an endless supply of clean water for the purifying of its streets and markets, and the housewives can think with complacency of the ever-flowing stream that can be turned on at any moment, and never fear that any drought shall dry it up, for the river that gleams and glistens the livelong day outside is fed by the everlasting mountains in the far interior on the one side, and on the other by the mighty waters of the Yangtze that have flowed thousands of miles from far-off Sz-Chiwan.

As we wander from street to street and see the great buildings and the large number of well-to-do Chinese shops, and penetrate even into the poorer districts, we get the impression that in such a large population the percentage of poverty is very small; in fact, the idea grows upon us that the people on the whole are very well to

do, and that the business of life has prospered with them.¹

We are confirmed in this by the respectable way in which the people dress, by the lavish use of the thousands of rickshaws, which ply in the streets for hire, and by the large number of carriages, both public and private, which we see crowding the roads after a certain hour in the afternoon with persons out for a ride along some of the favourite roads that abound in the neighbourhood.

The fashionable drive for nearly all classes is to the Bubbling Well, about three miles from the Bund. This is most charming, especially after the Nanking Road has been fairly left behind, and we have entered upon the one that is named after this famous well. By a rapid transition one leaves the noise and bustle of the town, and enters upon a delightful bit of suburban scenery, that for beauty might have been transferred from some of the most picturesque parts in the neighbourhood of London. The road is lined by a profusion of trees, many of them of the most graceful kinds. The play of the sunlight upon their boughs and branches, the shimmering of their leaves, and their shadows, now falling thickly on the road, and now growing lighter as the clouds come and go, present a picture that one never wearies of looking upon. It would require no very great stretch of imagi-

¹ There is no question but that the vast majority of the foreign residents are either very well off, or in such comfortable circumstances that they can live in a style that they would find it difficult to imitate at home. Salaries on the whole are high, and native productions are cheap, so that large numbers of the residents, who formerly looked upon China as only a temporary residence, have now made it their home, and have settled down with their families in Shanghai with the idea of a permanent settlement there. The really poor foreigners are very few, and are so either through some sudden misfortune, or through their own fault. When it is the former case, their countrymen are very generous, and willing to put their hands into their pockets to relieve them in their distress. If a man is utterly homeless and in want, it is an absolute certainty that he has brought his misfortunes upon himself by his own crime or folly.

nation to fancy that these trees, whose tops are now crowned with a glory of sunlight, are the spirits of the road, and that all day in sunshine and in shadow, and all night under the starry sky, or with the darkness so thick that they are shrouded from view, they act as guardians over this delightful scene, and watch with loving care over a place which nature and art have done so much to beautify.



SITTING-ROOM OF A WELL-TO-DO CHINAMAN.

Along both sides of the road villas have been built in all kinds of architectural designs that, with their lawns and gardens and tennis grounds, make one think of pleasant homes and happy gatherings when the labour of the day in the great city is over. But let us stand for a moment under this great willow that bends gracefully over us, and watch the procession of carriages that passes steadily by us. It is a pleasant sight, with its

ever-varying pictures of human life. Here is an open chaise with two young, good-looking Chinamen, one dressed in pale lavender silk, and the other in a bright orange-figured one, evidently well to do and enjoying this pleasant form of Western civilization, just as though it had been invented in China ages ago and had long become part of the national life. Close behind them comes another with a father and mother, and three or four lads of varying ages, and a nurse with a child in her arms, and a friend seated on the box beside the driver. It is a family party, bent on an afternoon's enjoyment, and every member of it is evidently there. How the faces of the boys glisten with excitement, and how anxious they are that no vehicle shall pass them! In a moment they flash out of sight, and then comes a drag with a horse of high mettle, foaming at the mouth and with eyes that seem on fire. It is driven by a fair and beautiful Englishwoman, who, cool and collected, guides the spirited animal with the most perfect control. It is a pretty picture, and one that well illustrates the different characters of the two races that travel side by side on this beautiful road.

Let us join the happy procession that bowls along merrily past us, and let us see for ourselves the beauties of the road that so many travel over nearly every day in the year. Close by are rickshaws waiting to be hired. We hold up our hand, and no sooner is the signal seen than the men tear at highest speed toward us, and in an instant we find ourselves the centre of a crowd of vehicles, their shafts pointing to us, and their drivers calling out at the top of their voices, and entreating us to engage them. We select the one we wish, the others retire to the stand, and in a moment our men are flying down the road on their way to the Bubbling Well.

We are not disappointed in our expectations of the road. It has been laid out in the most charming and agreeable manner. Hedges, green as nature can make them, bound both sides of it, and trees that have been planted

in the richest profusion give it a park-like appearance, that adds considerably to the fascination of the scene. Houses, such as one sees in the more fashionable neighbourhoods of London, stand within their own gardens and give an air of life to this delightful sylvan picture. The road is winding, and we get many a surprise as we turn round the curves and come upon bits of scenery that burst upon us, and which far exceed in interest any that we have already passed. The rickshaw is a most admirable conveyance from which to study the beauties of nature that abound in this charming drive. The motion is easy, and the pace just fast enough to give one a sensation of pleasurable excitement, whilst we can examine everything of interest better than we could if we were behind some fast-trotting horse.

At length, after a most enjoyable ride, in which graceful trees, and green hedges, and picturesque-looking buildings, and carriages filled with sight-seers, and horses that carry their riders with a rush and a bound past us, figure before us, we come to the well that has given its name to this delightful road.

Stepping from our rickshaw we ask the coolies where it is, for we look around in vain for some specially distinctive mark that will indicate where so famous a thing is situated. They point to an insignificant affair by the roadside which they declare to be the well. Rather disappointed in our expectations, we cross over, and find a large square opening, and looking down into it we see, at the distance of about ten feet, some decidedly dirty and anything but spring-like water, which is in a state of ferment. The surface is kept in unrest by large bubbles, that boil up in a lazy kind of way, as though the effort had been too great for them or the medium had been too dense for them to act with anything like vigour. A minute's glance is quite enough to satisfy our curiosity, and we saunter away, not caring whether we shall ever see so uninteresting a spectacle again or not.

Another favourite drive is in the American Concession down Broadway, the road that runs parallel with the river on its way to Wusung. It is inferior, however, in the beauty of its scenery to the one that has just been described. The town extends so far along it, and commonplace Chinese shops occupy such an extensive portion of it, that for a mile and a half at least one has nothing better to look at than unattractive houses,



A GLIMPSE OF THE NATIVE CITY OF SHANGHAI.

and Chinese life of the lower middle class. The buildings, on the whole, in this Concession are far inferior to those of the English, and it is evident very different classes live in it from those in the former. They are mainly made up of a poorer Chinese population, foreigners whose incomes are not very high, and Portuguese and half-castes. As we drive on to nearly the extremity of the town we come upon the water-

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where the river is being manipulated so that it
sent on its errand of mercy to the city that
s miles away into the distance, to touch the
life, and expel disease, and lighten labour, and
the thirst of the parched, without any fear or
in its breath.

and this are cotton and paper mills, with their
imneys, the whirl and din of the machinery
continual music the livelong day. It is most
ing to pass these in the evening about the time
he operatives have finished their day's work.
nes of wheelbarrows fringe the street in the
urhood of the great entrances to these buildings,
ing to be hired by the weary workers who have
standing at their looms through the heat of the

eat bell rings, the drone of the machinery dies
nd in a few minutes a dense stream of people
rom the gates. There are men in the very prime
and young lads, and elderly women, and girls
their teens, that may be counted by the hun-
And now the barrow-men stand at attention,
or the faces of the women who are their best

busy keeping it in constant repair. If so inclined, we might go on for fourteen miles, till we had reached Wusung; but as the shades of evening are gathering we must return, well satisfied with the variety of the scenes upon which we have looked.

The people of Shanghai have shown themselves capable of great enterprise. It must not be thought, however, that all their energies have been devoted to the amassing of wealth, to the entire exclusion of those



A MUSICAL PARTY.

higher pursuits by which human life is ennobled. The fine arts, such as music and painting, are patronized by a large proportion of the foreign residents. In the former department there are considerable numbers that have no mean knowledge of music, and whose voices would be assigned a high place even by the critical audiences of the West. That this is so is evidenced by the concerts that are given, where the music is rendered with a beauty and precision that would please the most fastidious and the most sensitive ear. Those who

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tended any of the organ recitals in the cathedral willingly bear testimony to this. It is a fine sight that noble building crowded from end to end with an appreciative audience, whilst the magnificent organ, under the touch of a master player, sends forth its melodious sounds, and makes the arches ring with the echoes of men long since passed away from earth, and leaves a precious legacy to the generations of man-

people, too, are of a literary turn of mind, as is shown by the existence of the Royal Asiatic Society, where learned papers are read, and abstruse subjects are discussed, and where distinguished visitors are invited to deliver lectures on questions that have a world-wide interest. They have also proved their appreciation of literature by the establishment of a reading-room and a library, the former of which is open to the foreign community every day in the week, where all kinds of papers and periodicals can be read free of charge.

There is one important subject that the inhabitants of this great city have not forgotten, and that is the Englishman. The Englishman is famous, wherever he goes,

its luxurious mode of living, and its less conventional forms of life, does not lead men into asceticism, or into a greater command of themselves; and if the services of religion are needed at home, much more are they required here, where the tendency is to relax the bonds rather than to tighten them. Men of larger faith have



SHANGHAI CATHEDRAL.

felt this, and so facilities are offered both to the land and the seafaring population to carry out their religious life in the precise manner that suits each one the best. In the centre of the town the cathedral stands a conspicuous object, with its tall spire and its beautiful architecture. No man can pass by that, either by day

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the sun is beautifying it with his rays, or by when it stands in deep shadow, without having memories stirred within him, which for the make him a better man.

there is Union Church and the Masonic Hall, services are held every Sunday, and the n Church in Hongkew, and special meetings ors, and prayer-meetings and addresses in dif-arts of the Settlement, both in private houses public buildings. In addition to all this there rganized effort of a considerable body of mis- to bring the message of God's love to the

That there is need for this is painfully by the state of morals that is prevalent them. What that is, no pen may describe, language may picture. This is a subject that shrouded from the public gaze to a certain or we feel that behind the life that is open to v, behind the courteous manners and smiling ances of the men that look us in the face, and the etiquette that would make one believe in ement and beauty of Chinese life, there is a

that we have failed to give any adequate idea of its greatness and beauty, or of the genius and enterprise of those who have made it what it is to-day. Thirty or forty years ago it was a huge mud flat, that the high tides continually invaded, so that the lower rooms of existing houses were often flooded and made useless for habitation. Low grounds, where stagnant pools and green, slimy water abounded, existed everywhere. The roads then were of a very elementary character, and some of them after continuous rain were apt to disappear in continents of mud. These, moreover, had been constructed only in the Concession, for in the country immediately beyond, which was still uninvaded by the march of Western civilization, only devious footpaths, the ideal roads of the conservative Chinese, could be found anywhere. To-day what do we behold? The mud, and the stagnant pools, and the marshy hollows, where malaria and typhoid and fell disease lingered in the hot months, have vanished, and in their place we see the stately mansions, and miles of houses, and long lines of streets, so firm and well made that they might be founded on a rock, running far into the country amidst the green fields, and villages, and hamlets, where only footpaths had ever dared to meander before. Shanghai has a great future before it, and when once the Chinese Government carries out the improvements in the river necessary for its development, its commerce and its population will vastly increase.¹

¹ According to the Census of June 24, 1890, the population in the English and American Concessions was 3,821 foreigners and 168,129 Chinese. In the French Concession there were 444 foreigners and 35,166 Chinese. The native population in the first two Concessions was housed in 23,436 dwellings.

ER II

Foochow

Shanghai—Scenes along the Coast—The Min—Foochow—
Clippers of Former Days—Description of Foreign Settle-
—Kuliang as a Health Resort—Consuls and the Consular
in China.

AVING Shanghai, we take steamer for Foochow,
and passing at full speed through the long line of
ships, past the Bund, and down the broader reaches
of Whangpoo, we find ourselves on the Yangtze, a
fact ascertained by the yellow turbid waters that
come from the far interior of China. The island
of Ming, a product of the great river, is quickly
sighted. Then the lightship, tossing and heaving
in the waves that a strong breeze has raised, seems

Shortly after it is sighted the various islands of the Saddle group come into view. These are succeeded by Bonham Island, on which a beautiful light flashes at night, which enables steamers to travel in safety during the darkest hours, though navigation is exceedingly intricate, because of the large numbers of sandbanks and hidden rocks that lie in wait for the unwary voyager. As we travel on Steep Island looms in view, and ere long we glide by its grim precipitous sides, and think of the awful crash there would be should any vessel strike upon it, and how despairing would be the shrieks of passengers and crew as they found themselves struggling at the base of this shoreless rock. Fortunately such a tragedy is now rendered almost impossible by the erection of a lighthouse on its summit, which casts its warning light far out to sea to welcome the coming stranger, and also up the pass to guide the ship that has weathered all the dangers of the inland waters into the wide ocean that lies just beyond.

As we get from under the shelter of the islands, we begin to feel the long roll of the waves. A stiff northeaster is blowing, and a haze covers the sea, so that we can see only a few miles ahead. The wind screams through our rigging, and the waves chase each other in the gloom, as though they were schoolboys suddenly let loose from lessons. The only objects of interest are the fishing-boats, that have been far out to sea, whose captains are now using all their skill and science to get home before the storm has lashed the sea into greater fury. Some of them cross our bows, and others swish by close under our stern. Their sails have many a reef in them, and yet when the blasts catch them, or when they lie in the trough of the sea, they seem as if they would certainly be capsized; but the man at the helm, with a deft turn of the hand, eases his craft, and away she flies from the foaming wave that threatened to engulf her.

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scenery along the coast of China is exceedingly bold and of a bold and striking character. The land is mountainous. From the irregular character of the hills it would seem as though Nature's hand had flung them down at random, and each one had taken the shape it happened to take when it touched the ground. Lofty peaks shoot straight up to the sky, and the steeply mountain tops, ponderous and grand, lie in a state of stolid repose. Dividing these are chasms and gorges, which stand out distinctly because of the contrast within them. All around, as if emulous to outdo these noble heights, hills with fantastic shapes rise one above the other.

One wonders where the people live, or what land is left for them to cultivate, so rugged and uneven the country appears. We see so few traces of civilization that the ship winds along the shore that it seems as though they had been driven further inland, and had left these hills and mountains to be the sentinels of the coast, and the bulwarks against any power that might have hostile designs against the land. One may indeed see a village now and again nestling

season, when great gales sweep these seas. Those who know the coast get inside of them, and creeping along the land, avoid the force of the waves that break in thunder on their opposite sides. But it is not simply when the north-east monsoon is blowing that ships run under them for shelter. During the typhoon season, when those awful hurricanes that seamen fear so much blow with terrific force, they can find a refuge under many of them, and also in the bays and natural harbours of the mainland, where they can ride in safety till the storm has spent its fury.

Our journey down the coast is on the whole exceedingly pleasant, for nearly all the time we are steaming with either the lofty mountains of the mainland or the romantic scenery of the numerous islands we pass constantly in view. At length our ship's head is turned towards the land. As we approach nearer, the far-off peaks come out of the haze with which the distance has enveloped them, and soon we are threading our way amongst islets that at one time seemed a part of the coast. One after another of these is passed, and Matsu is left far in the rear, and, after many a turn and winding to escape the sand-banks, we find ourselves off Sharp Peak, entering the river Min.

The scenery here is strikingly beautiful. No more romantic spot could be devised for the exit of a stream, that in its journey from the far interior has witnessed such wonderful sights of fertile plains and of scenes where Nature has put forth her highest powers to secure the most artistic combinations, than this. The hills are grouped along the left bank in graceful forms, as though they would do honour to the river that will soon be lost in the sea outside. Their sides are clad with pines, now ablaze with sunlight and anon shrouded in shadow, whilst their images are reflected in the rushing stream. The picture we here look upon is a living one. Scores of fishing-boats are hurrying, with sails and oars, to catch the tide that will sweep them up to

the great city, where they will find a market for their fish. Lorchas, laden with the pine logs that have grown on the mountains far up the river, and that are destined for Shanghai or the ports to the south, lie here waiting for the ebb to proceed on their journey. Great junks, the very shape that men built a thousand years ago, laden deeply with the produce of this region, lie scattered around, and their crews gather, as we steam



A RIVER SCENE.

by, to gaze upon us, not to be impressed with any lesson that our noble ship might teach them, but placidly content with the great unwieldy hulks that their forefathers devised, to look with wonder upon this evidence of the ingenuity of the foreigners.

We make a sweep round a bend in the river, and the view becomes more extended. The stream, which has widened, is dotted with sails, with here and there a sea-going junk, beating with huge distended sails against a strong head-wind. The mountains are gradually towering higher and higher, and ere long

the right bank suddenly sends up precipitous cliffs that with those across the water combine to make a very beautiful pass. At the entrance are two forts strongly fortified with cannon of the largest calibre, that have come from the foundries of the West. Rumour says that these have been allowed to rust, so that they would be useless in any engagement with a foreign power. The Chinese have neither the science



A JUNK SCENE.

nor the military instinct to know how to care for such expensive guns, and formidable though these batteries appear, commanding as they do the entrance into the river, the inexperienced and timid hearts that stand behind them would make them valueless in the presence of a courageous enemy.

Emerging from this pass, the river widens considerably until we come to another, a few miles ahead, where it flows with rapid stream between the high lands that enclose it on both sides. On the right bank there is a natural object that never fails to attract

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ation of those travelling through this pass. a perfect picture, though in a highly exaggerated form, of a mandarin's leg, encased in a topknot as he wears when he appears in public. To give the likeness, it must be seen at a particular angle as the steamer is passing. A truer copy could not have been made by any living artist than that which has been wrought by the action of the weather on the countless streams that the rains of many years have sent flowing down the face of this rock. As the steamer is passing through this gorge, and steaming round a great curve in the river, we come upon a scene so different from the Oriental one we have been looking at that our minds are involuntarily transported far away from this broad river and the mountains that surround us to far-off England. This rapid change is effected by the sight of stately ships with tall masts and trim yards, and great ocean steamers that are crowded in the river, and that make it like some part of the distant homeland. Here is a 'Blue Funnel' steamer, bound for Liverpool, and further on the s.s. 'Titanic' with white funnel and a look of power about

stands as motionless as a statue, with his eyes fixed on the advancing steamer, which is going at the rate of twelve knots an hour, and he is so directly in her way that she threatens to cut his boat in two. On she comes, and in another moment her bow will have crashed into him, when the steersman gives a sudden turn to the scull, which causes the boat to shoot rapidly to the side of the steamer. At the same time the bowman, with a keen eye and a strong arm, hooks on to the iron railing of the deck with his pole, and a fierce struggle at once ensues between him and the powerful monster that is dragging him through the water. For a moment we are breathless with excitement as we watch the desperate efforts of the man to maintain his grasp, and get his boat to attain the same rate of speed as the steamer. At last he succeeds, and the moment he is conscious that he has done so, he clambers up his own pole, the boat swiftly whirls down the stream, and in a few seconds he is standing smiling on the deck, and looking around for some fare to carry on shore after the ship has anchored. A few minutes more and we reach the Pagoda Anchorage, the furthest point to which our vessel can go, and after all way has been lost on her the anchor descends with a rush and a rattle, and we find ourselves not very far from where, in 1884, the Chinese fleet was ruthlessly destroyed and sunk by the French men-of-war under the command of Admiral Courbet.

A steam launch that has been waiting our arrival starts the moment the baggage of the passengers and the mails have been transferred to her, and we are soon ploughing our way through the broad waters of the Min to Foochow, which lies ten miles further up the river. Favoured by a fair wind and a flood-tide, we are not long in traversing this distance, and sooner than we expected we steam alongside the jetty, and our journey is at an end.

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ene before us is beautiful, and in some magnificent. An extensive plain, dotted over numerous villages, and beautified by trees of all kind covered with luxuriant crops that rejoice the farmers three times every year, is

Through this the river Min winds in gracefulness, adding its share of beauty to the scene, gilding the land wherever its waters touch, and cheering the hearts of the dwellers near by with the feeling that no drought can ever touch them so long as this noble stream runs clear and strong from the mountains in the distance.

And this plain, on the northern side of the river, is encircled by mountains broken into all kinds of shapes and showing in their diversity the ingenuity of nature in modelling these great heights into such varied and fantastic forms that the dwellers below are never weary in looking upon them. On the south side there is a great rift in the hills, to give the Min a free passage from the interior to the sea; but, as if to make up for the loss sustained, they rise in even more magnificent mountain range and tower-



THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT OF FOCHOW AND THE ISLAND OF NAN TAI.



veniently carrying on business. The merchants who first came to Foochow desired to be near the water, so that the goods that came up the river could be easily landed and stored in the godowns, or warehouses, on its bank. Property was therefore purchased in this locality, and hong, or business houses, were built near the water's edge. Those who were not fortunate enough to secure lots there were compelled to select sites further back, where the air was less pure and the landing of cargo more difficult. Many of these olden hong are spacious and magnificent, and coming down from the golden times when trade brought speedy fortunes, they tell of the princely way in which men could afford to build in the days that the merchants of to-day sigh for, but in vain.

The pre-eminent article of trade at this port is tea, but it is not exported in such large quantities now as it was in former days. Then it was a royal trade, and a large fleet of both English and American clippers was anchored at Pagoda Anchorage, waiting for the precious cargoes that not only added to the fortunes of the shippers, but created the greatest excitement in the ports of London and New York, when the ships came racing into them from the Far East. Nearly all the vessels that were engaged in the business a quarter of a century ago were models of beauty such as are unknown in the present day. They were built for speed, and naval architects exhausted their ingenuity in laying down lines that should secure speed, and at the same time exhibit symmetry and gracefulness. The time of greatest excitement was when several of the more famous clippers, laden with the new teas, hauling down their Blue Peters, hoisted sail, and proceeded about the same time on their homeward voyage. It was the ambition of every captain to beat all other competitors, and to have his ship advertised in England as the carrier of the first teas of the season. Many a romantic and thrilling

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could be told of the adventures and narrow escapes of some of these ships whilst they were racing.

So eager were the captains for the honours and presents that awaited the first ship of the season to sail up the Thames with its fragrant cargo of teas that they were willing to brave all the perils of the sea to obtain them, and strong and fierce indeed was the breeze have been when any one of them started to take in any of the cloud of sail that covered the masts they covered.

On one occasion two ships well known to fame started a few hours of each other for the long and exciting race. They were both staunch and well built, graceful and finely modelled as any vessels that sailed the sea. It was not the first time they had won the honour of carrying the new teas. For several years they had sailed down the river with their choice and precious cargoes, and well did they know how calms and mountain waves would have to be met when they reached their destination. Their captains were men of ripe experience, and each set out with the determination that his ship should be the first in



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT AT FOOCHOW.



horizon every day to catch some glimpse of the other. Then the fair weather vanished, and the skies became clouded, and the glass went down, and stormy winds began to blow. Both the vessels were in the gale, though they were just beyond the limit where they could see each other. The instinct of each of the captains told them that this was so, and so, in spite of storm and falling barometer, they pressed their ships through the rising sea, till the masts creaked and groaned and bent with the strain that was put upon them. And still the wind blew, and the sea grew more tempestuous, and the ships, covered with foam and their decks swept with green surging waves, were driven on their course. The terrible strain, however, was too much for one of them. Battered and shaken by the heavy seas, she became so unseaworthy that she had to put into the Mauritius, where she was compelled to discharge her damaged cargo, whilst her more fortunate rival outran the storm, and in due time came into London, the first ship of the season that carried the new teas from China.

Fortunately such a tragic ending was rare; but whilst no serious disaster happened during the voyage, and the ships were brought safe and sound into port, the ending of what was a really fast and prosperous journey was sometimes a source of intense disappointment to some captain who considered that he was coming in the winner of the race. For thousands of miles he had seen none of his rivals. The voyage had been the quickest he has ever made, and to-morrow would see him safely in the docks. Night coming on dark and stormy, he anchors off Deal to wait for the pilot. With the earliest dawn his ship is on her way, and as he is entering the Thames he sees to his horror one of the China greyhounds ahead of him in the river. She had slipped by him in the dark, and had thus snatched the victory out of his grasp, and was winning the race by scarcely an hour's time.

The foreign settlement of Foochow, never having been defined by fixed limits, or formally conceded to the

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Western nationalities, is on an entirely different from the Concessions in Shanghai. Here no powers of any kind exist to enable the residents to control the Chinese around them, either for their own benefit or for that of the natives. Were the residents civilized, or less contemptuous of foreigners, and were they more disposed to carry out their laws with kindly feeling towards them, this would be of little consequence. As things are now, it is only the continual presence of an English consul, and frequent visits of a man-of-war, that what rights they possess are secured to them.

There are many questions, outside of those that have been settled by treaty, that the residents would like to have a voice in, but over which at present they have not the slightest control. One of these is sanitary. The businesses are mostly imbedded in the midst of a dense population that have built their houses almost up to the walls that bound them. No vacant spaces have been left as breathing-places, where the fresh breezes might have a chance of purifying the air that has come from the narrow streets and the houses thickly packed with



THE LONG BRIDGE CONNECTING THE MAINLAND AND THE ISLAND OF NAN TAL.



made unwholesome, and the sound of sorrow is heard, and men and women in the very prime of life are called to their long home, their lives cut short, they say, by 'the will of Heaven,' but really by unhealthy habits, to which the Chinese cling.

Those residences of the merchants that are situated outside this mass of people, and more in the country, are of course exempt from many of the annoyances that those who have to live in the hongs have to endure, but still they suffer in other ways from the uncivilized habits of the Chinese. The low-lying hills in their immediate vicinity, instead of being covered with trees and gardens and shady walks, where people might find amusement and recreation, have been converted into a mighty graveyard, where myriads upon myriads of Chinese lie buried. The people that use this neighbourhood as a place to bury their dead are the very poor, and such of the middle class as have not the means of buying a piece of ground in a less crowded position. Considering the vast population of Foochow, and the large percentage of poor contained within it, it may easily be imagined how every vacant space has been utilized, and how close these graves have been dug to each other. Outside of the recognised pathways, every foot of ground that can possibly be used is appropriated for the burial of the dead. The result is that the living are invaded by these abodes of the departed, and their steady and inexorable advance is stayed only by the walls that surround the compounds of the foreigners.

This reckless system of interment has its dangers, which in times of epidemics threatens the health of those in the neighbourhood. The Chinese do not believe in deep graves, and so make allowance for only a solid foot of earth above the coffin. Their ideas of propriety are satisfied by heaping up the loose soil to the height of two or three feet above the grave. For a short time nothing serious results from such a burial, but in course of time the heavy rains and storms of wind and other natural

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disintegrate the loosely made mound, and the
from within are allowed to escape.

reform of this system would be most vehemently
by the Chinese. To a foreigner their attitude
matter of tombs is perplexing. They believe that
ity and adversity are inseparably linked with
raves, and yet the great mass of the people allow
become dilapidated, and to fall into decay, and
odden by the feet of man and beast without any
at anxiety. Our cemeteries are models of beauty
istic skill when compared with these great spaces
the vanished population has been laid to rest.

It is not to be supposed from what has been said that
of the foreigners at this port is miserable; far

The Englishman has a happy knack of accom-
ing himself to circumstances, and of making life
le, no matter what his surroundings. The
e heat of the summer months, when press of
s keeps men steadily at work throughout them,
endency to sickness during them, and the evil
of the Chinese quarters, are compensated by
ents that make this Oriental life so attractive to

pleasure in these. Besides these sources of enjoyment there is a very considerable library attached to the club, containing all kinds of books to suit the tastes of every reader. You will find here the writings of standard authors, whose names are as household words in England, as well as histories and charming biographies and works of fiction, which have obtained a world-wide fame, and which are read with as much zest and pleasure in this Eastern land as in the countries in which they were produced. Amongst the above also may be found the latest volumes that have been written on a subject that has taken society by surprise, viz., the modern woman, a topic which has had one good result at least, in that it has given a new direction to men's thoughts, and compelled them to feel that there are problems connected with the rights of women that have never been properly discussed before, and about which a good deal has yet to be said. With the exception of the library, which is public, and the books of which may be taken to the homes of any that are members, the club may be said in a general way to exist for the special benefit of the gentlemen of the community. In order to provide for the recreation of the ladies, a beautiful tennis ground has been made just beyond the Settlement, where, in fine weather, not only exercise, but also amusement, can be got under the most pleasing conditions. The outlook from the ground is of the most charming description. Hills and mountains in the near distance vie with each other as to which shall reflect the glories of the Eastern sun the best, and which, now in shadow and now in sunshine, and then again mantled with all the colours that the dying sun flings in profusion upon them, shall show the world that Nature's hand can paint with more subtle skill and beauty than the most famous artists in the world have ever done.

The private houses of the foreign residents are built to suit the climate, and look large and imposing, mainly because of the spacious verandahs which surround them.

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firm part of every dwelling, as they are found to be absolutely essential to health and comfort during the summer months, when the sun seems to be on the building is pleasingly conspicuous, as indeed in every community in this Far East where Englishmen have gathered for commercial or philanthropic purposes, and that is the church. It stands there not only as an emblem of their faith in God that they still have in this heathen land, but also of the tenacity with which they cling to the home associations amongst which their childhood was spent. In their building of these edifices they never dream of imitating the style of architecture that is so beautifully illustrated in the larger monasteries, and where the ideal of the Western mind finds its highest expression. The Chinese man's model is the parish church near which his best days were spent. That picture he never forgets. He sees it embowered in pleasant fields and surrounded by trees where chestnuts and oaks cast their shadows on the drowsy kine. Its sides are clothed with ivy which has been winding and weaving itself into a leafy covering. For the church it clings to long before he was

families at least might live during the hottest months of the year. If this could be done, health might be preserved, and the necessity for an expensive journey to Japan or the north of China be entirely avoided. For many years, through the obstructiveness of the officials, who have rarely granted any needed concession with a good grace, and in consequence of the superstition of the people, who imagined that, if the hills were built on, ill-luck would flow in invisible



A CHINESE TEMPLE.

currents from them upon the city, and bring sorrow and disaster, this idea could not be carried out. A makeshift was put up with in the monastery of Kushan, of which an account will be given later, but it was found to be exceedingly unsatisfactory.

At last, some more enterprising individuals, who were determined that this state of things should last no longer, started one day to make explorations on a mountain range named Kuliang. After an ascent

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At two thousand feet they found a beautiful and
the plateau that was diversified by hills and
and deep ravines, and rapid streams that
themselves into foam as they rushed and roared
the sultry plain. The scenery was delightful,
nature had done her best to clothe in living green
spot that gave her hand a fair opportunity to
her power. Every available place on this lovely
had been utilised by the inhabitants, and
hamlets and solitary dwelling-places were perched
cliffs overhanging deep ravines, or built in some
valley near where their crops were planted, and
they would be safe from the fierce blasts of the
wind, as it roared and raged over this mountain

Explorers were delighted beyond measure with
the country they had discovered, and so convinced
of its suitability as a health resort that they made im-
mediate arrangements for securing part of a Chinese
estate which was to be set aside for their exclusive
use during the summer months, for as long a period
as stipulated rent was regularly paid. This was

a cottage on the mountain which was visible from the plain, as great an excitement was produced amongst the native population as though some great calamity were seen impending over the city. Angry and unreasoning crowds met in the streets and discussed the danger to trade and life and property from the house that was seen on the far-off hill. The indignation grew apace, and at last the officials were appealed to by the scholars, who were the leaders of the movement, and entreated to interpose in the matter and use their influence to demand that the obnoxious building should be removed. Nothing loth to have a fling at the foreigners, these latter sent in a flaming despatch to the consul about the man whose house was in question, and depicted in the most eloquent and classic language at their command the danger of riot and bloodshed and tumult, if the house were allowed to remain where it was. They suggested as a sufficient remedy that the building should be sold to them, when they would at once have it demolished, and thus remove the anger and irritation of the people.

The consul actually carried out the suggestion of the officials. He ought to have known that the picture of a mob rising to avenge imaginary wrongs from the building of a foreign house on a hill-top could only have been drawn by the fertile brain of a mandarin, who wished to play upon the fears of the unsuspecting foreigner. The authority of the officials is so absolute in China that the people would never dare, in the city of Foochow at least, where there is a large permanent garrison, to do anything so fatal to themselves as to disturb the public peace. In a short time, the newly built house was a heap of ruins, and the mandarins were chuckling, in a solemn, Oriental fashion, over the easy way in which their diplomacy had succeeded in over-reaching the only too credulous consul.

The consular system in China, as far as English trade and commerce are concerned, is considered, by the

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of Englishmen that have any dealings with
ple of considerable improvement in the interests
and, and of those of her citizens in the Celestial

present system of admission to that service
competitive examinations held in London in
subjects. Those who obtain the highest marks
literary contests are appointed to the vacant
China. There promotion comes by seniority,
any reference to the mental capacity or the
rasies of the members of the staff. A man
exceedingly able, with large views of what
's policy ought to be, and enthusiastic in his
on, or he may have the merest shred of com-
se. He may be one whose opinion is looked
with contempt by all sensible men, or he may
ent, and make it the business of his life to do
officially as he possibly can. The Foreign
akes no cognisance of these conditions in the
on of its men. They simply serve their time,
niors are promoted, or retire and vanish out of
of vision, and so they rise step by step, till

have been made with England, and to meet their artifices and wiles to do this by a firm and unbending attitude. He has also to plan for the extension of English commerce into the regions lying beyond the places that have been opened by imperial sanction for foreign trade; and if he is a man that is alive to the necessities of the times, he will, as occasion occurs, suggest to his Government and the manufacturers of England what is the demand, and what is the character of the goods that will secure the readiest sale amongst the masses of the Chinese.

Now it is evident that the men who are to occupy such important positions, besides being shrewd, common-sense men, ought to have a knowledge of business. Men who have distinguished themselves in commercial life ought to be selected for the consular office in China. Let first-rate men, with as generous an education as possible, who have graduated in London, or Liverpool, or Manchester, in the higher ranks of commercial life, be carefully chosen and appointed as consuls. These would understand the laws of trade. They would know its requirements, and they would be in sympathy with the manufacturing classes in England; and at the same time they would promote the interest of England by the legitimate and honourable extension of her commerce.

There are yet vast possibilities for English trade in China, but these will not come unsought. The Germans and the Japanese are in the field, adapting themselves to the requirements of the people. The Chinese are just beginning to manufacture for themselves. The vast interior is as yet practically untouched by the West. The supreme question of the present moment is, How shall English enterprise reach those unexplored territories that are vast enough to give employment for many a long year to some of the more famous of our industries? If a scientific book is to be written, or a treatise on Chinese literature composed, or a commentary on some of the more recondite

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ings of the Chinese scholars in the past, then
st the gentlemen that are members of the con-
body there will be found those that are highly
tent to do it. If, however, English commerce is
properly represented in China, and the vast
y that stretches so far away from the coast into
mote interior is to be properly touched by it,
who have been trained in business, and who
proved themselves statesmen in their large views
ning it, ought to be appointed by Government to
those positions that no merely educated body
a can ever do.

r a time, when the excitement had subsided,
e case was somewhat forgotten, another attempt
made at building, and this time with success.
ally it became recognised that foreigners should
houses on Kuliang, and now there are more than
built in different positions on the hillsides of this
beautiful mountain.

ould be impossible to exaggerate the grandeur
veliness of the scenes that meet the eye in every
on on this plateau. The hills owe much of their

beautiful scene that this system of cultivation produces. The topmost ridge is fringed with pines—a natural frame to enclose the lovely picture below. Field after field fashioned from the hillside follow each other in ever deepening succession, till the last is almost lost from sight in the dim shadows that lie at the foot of



A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

the ravine. It is a perfect picture upon which to look for growing grain and trim banks and water pure as crystal, that has come out of the heart of the hills, combine to make it look one vast garden, fresh from the hands of the invisible fairies that hide themselves from human sight amongst the trees.

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uneven ground, where water is more scarce, is, wherever practicable, with sweet potatoes, though less picturesque-looking than the rice, serve an important purpose in ministering to the needs of a population that Nature here has barely left to sustain. The farmers on these hilly ranges do take advantage of every spot that can be cultivated to add to the scanty stores of food; for, unlike their neighbours of the plain, who gather in three crops a year, they can with difficulty harvest but one. The economy of space is seen in the prudent way in which they utilise the spaces between the ridges, where the potato vines spread.

The popular tuber is quite different in several ways from the potato which is so well known at home. It is more elongated in shape, and sweeter to the taste, and when cooked, it is mealy, and of a pleasant flavour. It is grown from seed, but from its own vines. The tubers are buried in the earth to the depth of about three inches, and covered to the length of about a foot, whilst the rest is left to trail on the ground. In due time these take root, and send out fresh

foot or two in height, and two or three in circumference. They look uninteresting, and out of place, and yet they are the tea plants that have made this country famous, and not only enabled the poor to eke out the scanty living to be got from these hill-tops, but also to add to the joys of countless homes in the Far West.

But what pen shall describe the glories that hover the livelong day over these hills? From morn till night they change with every passing cloud, so that no artist could ever place on canvas—even with all the subtle touch of brush that the profoundest genius ever wielded—a picture that should describe the varying scenes which Nature paints so many times a day to please the dwellers up here. At one time, the peaks lie bathed in purest sunshine, when suddenly a mighty mass of pure white mist, like an invading army, comes swiftly up one of the passes, and blotting out the sun, the hills vanish and fade from our view. A white ocean, on which no ship has ever travelled, has taken the place of sunlight and towering peaks and terraced fields; and we are wondering when we shall see them all again, when, as quickly as it came, the fog has fled, and only a few fleecy remnants that cling around the highest points remain to tell the story of the invasion. At another time the breeze has sent the clouds careering across the sky, and then the most wonderful transformations are seen succeeding each other in quick succession. A burst of sunshine suddenly lights up both hill and vale, and then they are instantly shrouded in shadow, as though they had, without a moment's notice, been called upon to go into mourning. Then one peak that far o'ertops the rest becomes a mass of gold, whilst far down its sides sunshine and shadow struggle with each other for the mastery. Then the clouds open, and long, flashing rays of light make pathways for themselves, and touch the sombre pines, and play about the growing rice, and make the water, that they can reach

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their roots, sparkle like diamonds, whilst all the shadows lie in deep clusters upon hill and dale, and so the sun and clouds, as if in rivalry with each other, spend all the day in painting the most beautiful pictures on Nature's canvas, no one of which is like those that have preceded it.

The crowning glory of the day is when the sun sinks low in the west, and is preparing to dip behind the mountains there, amidst a concourse of clouds that follow in his train to the unseen land beyond.

It seems as though he would outdo himself, and present his masterpiece to the world as a parting gift to man for his loss. See how the clouds begin to feel the loss as he sinks lower and lower! First one great gleam of purple light pierces through them, and drives away in startled confusion their sombre tints. Then waves of red and orange colours follow in rapid succession and intermingle with each other, turning the great fleecy masses into a picture gallery upon which the eye gazes with ravished attention. Still the colours change, and like the scenes in a kaleidoscope the colours change, and now the clouds become one mass of

suffering severely from the heat, the residents here are enjoying the most delightful weather. In an exceptionally hot summer, the thermometer rarely rises beyond 84°, being much more frequently at least two degrees lower. The air, though hot during the middle hours of the day, is pure and fresh, and does not produce that languor and weary feeling that the same temperature would cause on a lower level. One likes to remain within doors during these hours, for the glare is certainly very trying, and one feels more comfortable in a shady room. As the afternoon progresses, however, a very perceptible change takes place in the condition of the atmosphere. The air becomes cool and bracing, and as the evening advances one has more the feeling of being in England than in this sultry China, with its fiery days and glowing nights. These latter are most delightful on this mountain-range, and sleep, which is a far-off vision in the town, comes with gentle soothing influences to make us forget there is a night at all. One rises in the morning refreshed and ready for a day's work or enjoyment, and finds the thermometer registers only 74°. The discovery of Kuliang has added much to the happiness not only of those resident in Foochow, but also to those living in other parts of China, who, moved by the reports that have reached them of the beauties of this place, flock to it during the hottest months to escape the severities of the summer.

TER III

Kushan

Monastery of Kushan—Its surroundings—The Services in the
Temple—The Priests in it—The Boats on the Min—The Bridge
'Ten Thousand Longevities'—The Street leading to the City,
the Scenes on it.

The next object of commanding interest to be
described is the monastery of Kushan. The fame
of this place has travelled into every province of
the empire, and the certificated priests that have served the
monastery a great number of years in it are to be found scat-
tered throughout the length and breadth of the empire.
The situation is a most beautiful one, and Nature has
done her very best to surround it with every charm
which her most subtle art has been able to throw

shadows upon them, and then boldly climbing some more precipitous parts, where the eye is enchanted with the vision of ranges of mountains painted with every colour that the sun can flash upon them. The higher one ascends the wider and more spacious does the road become, and the more profound the sense that one is not travelling along some ordinary pathway that may ultimately lead to nothing in particular. Tall and stately trees appear along the sides of the road, which soon begins to develop new beauties, for at almost every turn and bend in it charming views burst upon the sight, which keep the mind in one continued attitude of admiration. At length the last turn has been made, and the monastery, grand and imposing, comes suddenly into view, and one feels that the steep and arduous climb up this great mountain is amply repaid, not only by the beauties of the way, but also by the sight of this magnificent series of buildings, which go to make up this famous monastery.

The sacred character of the position where it is built was recognised by those who were learned in such matters nearly a thousand years ago. History tells us that a huge chasm existed in which lived a poisonous dragon that was constantly raising storms that devastated the crops of the people, and thus caused an immense amount of sorrow and suffering amongst them. In the year A.D. 773, a priest was able to exorcise this terrible monster, which fled to Formosa, and left this mountain henceforth in peace. Time went by, and the superstition of the people began to invest the spot from which the dragon had crept forth with a divine and mysterious power, and the rift having been filled up a small temple was built in the year A.D. 899, on the very place where the chasm formerly existed, and was dedicated to the Prince of Heaven.

Time went by, and the reputation of the Kushan temple¹ began gradually to spread. Money flowed into

¹ Kushan means the Drum Mountain, from the fact that there

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treasure, and lands were bought on the plain at the foot of the hill, which being rich and fruitful soon returned in a plentiful return to the exchequer of the state.

Devotees grew in number, who heralded its fame far and wide, till at length it reached the imperial ears.

Its fortune was now made, for Chen Tsung, of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 989-1014), ordered that it should be regularly endowed from the national treasury, and that it should be under the special protection of his person.

Such powerful patronage elevated it in the estimation of the mandarin class, and so we learn that many of the more wealthy of these, wishing perhaps to atone for their official sins, and at the same time to immortalize themselves, built various additions at their own expense. They took good care, however, to have their names of themselves enshrined in a conspicuous place in the temple, thus advertising their own virtues, and hoping, no doubt, that in future ages the ignorant worshippers would regard them as deities of the place, and offer sacrifices to them. As a consequence of this widespread devotion, the original solitary building to the Prince of Shou gradually extended in size, until by the beginning of the fifteenth century it had attained its present dimensions.

means he made the discovery, but he declared that he had found out that certain subtle electric currents had managed to invade the abode of this mysterious spirit, which so enraged it that it vented its anger by sending the plague. In order to propitiate the dragon, and at the same time relieve it of the annoyance, it was decided to dig a large pit, so that the obnoxious vapours might be allowed to escape into the upper air. In order to prevent their return, this pit was filled



VIEW OF KUSHAN MONASTERY.

with water and stocked with fish. As it is considered a work of merit to preserve life, all fish placed in this pond were rendered secure of life as long as nature would permit. The result is that they have multiplied to such an extent that the pond now literally swarms with them. The visitors find considerable amusement in feeding them with the strings of cakes that the priests, with a view to profit, have always ready on hand for sale. It is amusing to watch the fierce struggle that takes place amongst the fish when these

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own in. The more vigorous, if unable to get the food, take a flying leap over the backs of the living seething mass, and struggle fiercely with others for their share. Whilst there is entertainment in this grotesque exhibition, there is also engendered a feeling of disgust. The fish, instead of being small and slim, are coarse and bloated-looking. Many of them are old and unnaturally obese, and when they open their huge mouths to grasp at the cakes it is hardly possible to look at them without positive repulsion. Whatever pleasure these priests have in procuring the lives of so many repulsive-looking animals, there is no doubt but that, to the ordinary mind, this is to violate the purpose of Nature is not regarded with sympathy by the rest of the community. The priests who live scattered over the mountain look at these fish with very different eyes from those of the people, and visions of savoury dishes, fragrant and delicious, rise before their minds as they gaze upon these monsters. The priests are conscious of this morbid appetite, and a guard is kept by night over the sacred place. There is a grim suspicion that some



A GROUP OF BUDDHIST PRIESTS.



huge corporation speak of luxuries indulged in that no monastic rules ever permitted, whilst the smiles that perpetually wreath his jolly-looking face show that he has never entered into the true spirit of the cloister, where long vigils and midnight meditations drive away laughter from the heart and sunlight from the face. In all this great building, with its numerous idols and troops of priests, there is no more joyous face than his; and as he is said to be the coming Buddha that is to reign over the Buddhist Church, its votaries must be in expectation of a more lively time than they, or the priests at least, have at present.

But we must leave this merry-looking figure, and hasten to the great hall, towards which the priests are gathering in order to engage in one of their public services. See how they troop in from the numerous dormitories, which are ranged outside the main building, all dressed in their robes of ceremony, and prepared at once to take part in the service we are about to witness.

We ascend a long flight of steps, and reach the verandah which stretches outside the large room that serves as a chapel, and find a man striking a large wooden fish, the sound of which resounds to some distance, and serves as the signal for the priests to assemble to engage in the regular worship of the day. The streams of bonzes converge at the main entrance, and as they silently enter the room each one hurries to the place assigned to him. Some face three large idols, called the 'Three Precious Ones,' whilst others range themselves in front of the eighteen Lohans, nine of which are placed on each side of the room.

As soon as the whole body of priests, numbering about one hundred and twenty, have assembled in their places, the unmusical sound that proceeded from the fish ceases, and one stroke on a large, antique-looking bell, with a marvellously sweet tone, announces that the service is about to begin. A leading priest, stand-

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part from the rest, strikes the bell again, and the whole assembly breaks out into a most monotonous chant, which never at any time shows the tendency to discord. The perfect unison of the voices is preserved by a very simple arrangement. On the table in front of the idols there stands a bonze, who at short intervals touches a small bell, whose silver sound can be heard over the voices of the worshippers. The gong that started the service is ready waiting for this, and at the proper moment he strikes it again, and its deep, melodious sound, acting as a bass, produces the most beautiful effect, and at the same time keeps the voices of the men in touch with one another.

There is a weird fascination about the tones of the chant in which this large body of men recite their prayers. It is set in a minor key, and is well suited to the circumstances under which the service is conducted. The great mountains round about, and the grand and sublime attitude that Nature has assumed, and the stillness of these mighty solitudes, demand an atmosphere in which all lightness and frivolity has been ex-

As the time progresses, however, the very regularity of the movements of the men, the monotony of the chant and the utter want of enthusiasm exhibited by the performers, begin to pall upon us, and we realize



TWO BUDDHIST BONZES OR PRIESTS.

that we are not in front of a body of religious enthusiasts, but of men in whom devoutness is an unknown quantity. There is no kindling of the eye, no flushing of the face, no rhythmic movement of the body in response to the spirit's excitement as the men are

H

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by the words they are uttering. How could any such spiritual emotion, seeing that not frozen in that worshipping assembly understand of what they have been chanting?

prayers are in Sanscrit, uttered with a Chinese that carries no meaning to the speakers, for the they use are but the mere echo of the tongue ancient people, which for ages has ceased to spoken language.

he looks at the faces of the men gathered here the most favourable circumstances that a picture dress and a solemn ritual can give them, one is pressed with the results of monastic life, even in such rated monastery as this. A few amongst them have the countenances of men who are really in and who have fled from the noise and distractions to find peace and happiness in the quiet of these n solitudes. They are very few, however. The mass of the men before us have a bad and depraved out them, such as is the outcome of lives that have essentially immoral and vicious. As we watch the their countenances, we feel convinced that their e here has nothing whatever to do with a

lives. There is no reason to believe that the large numbers gathered in this Kushan temple are any exceptions to their class.

The service is now concluded, and as the orderly rows have become dissolved in an irregular mass, the sound of the wooden fish once more struck with a vigorous hand catches the ear of all present, and announces that dinner is ready.

With smiling faces the crowd hasten away in all directions, but they troop back in a few minutes to the dining hall, divested of the dresses they wore at the service, and clad in the ordinary clothing they wear throughout the day. Whilst the religious ceremony was going on a certain number of the priests, with some lay assistants, were busy in the kitchen preparing the midday meal. This is now ready, and the tables are set, and large earthenware jars are filled with smoking rice, and so arranged on the tables throughout the large and spacious room that they can be conveniently reached by those sitting near them. The fare is very plain. The staple article of food is, of course, rice, which is so plentifully supplied that every one can have just as much as he desires. A large dipper lies in each jar, and each one ladles into his bowl the amount he wishes, and he can return as often as he likes to refill it. No animal food is ever seen on the tables. Bean curd, pickled cucumbers, salted turnips and vegetables of various kinds, according to the supply in the market, are the only condiments that the rules of the monastery allow to be eaten by the priests.

Such food as this would never suit an Englishman, and indeed the results as seen before us are not such as would enable us to speak very highly for such a diet. The men are pale and sallow, and there is not a single rosy-cheeked one amongst them, though a considerable number are still quite young. They give one the impression of men who are profound students, and

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accustomed to spend the midnight oil in poring over their books. To put down their anæmic-looking faces to that would, however, be a great mistake. They are not only not students, but they are also in the great majority of cases grossly illiterate, and their ambition is to be able to master the prayers, many of them simply learn by heart, without being able either to read the characters in their prayer-books or to understand the meaning of the Sanscrit.

Whatever scholarship may have existed in the Buddhist Church in past ages, it is an unquestionable fact that the bonzes who exist in the present day are, as a rule, in these southern provinces at least, uneducated. Scholarship, indeed, is not a requisite that is demanded from every one who would become a priest, since if a man qualifies himself to recite the prayers that are recited in the various ceremonies that he is called upon to perform, no question is made as to the amount of education he may possess. It is now time to wander off in another direction, to see some of the other curiosities connected with the temple. We pass down the steps, and in and out

ter of course that men in moments of remorse, or when they wished to do some act that they believed would in some mysterious manner bring credit to them in a future life, would devote animals that they possessed to some temple near by, where they might live out all their days, undisturbed by any one who had designs upon their lives. It is considered a sign of great devotion in any one to do this, and the priests accept the offering and provide for the wants of the creatures with the greatest care.

We have a proof of this in the animals before us. Here is a large collection of fowls and geese that live in the greatest harmony within one enclosure. The latter, which are magnificent specimens of their kind, have the same domineering and lordly air that well-fed animals of the same kind have in England. The sight of strangers seems to have a similar kind of exciting effect here as there, and, evidently untouched by the Buddhist theory that has saved their lives, they raise their war cry and dashing up to the palings seem immensely disappointed because they cannot rush upon us in mortal combat. Their Buddhist surroundings have evidently had little influence in changing the inherent bumptiousness of these birds. It was delightful to turn from these to watch the quiet and homely movements of the hens, as they wandered up and down in the modest way that distinguishes these animals. As we looked at them our thoughts were suddenly carried away to far-off scenes in the homeland, and for the time being the great mountain peak that frowned down upon us and the temple, with its idols and priests and picturesque surroundings, had vanished from our sight, and in imagination we were in an English farmyard. But soon the pleasant vision passed, and we were back again on the top of this sacred mountain, and we realized that, though we found ourselves in a strange land and amongst a people with so many variations from ourselves, the

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world of animal life was the same as we had seen
vision which had just vanished from our gaze.
e by in a neighbouring enclosure were several
upon which the Chinese laymen looked with
s eyes, evidently mourning the fanaticism of
nzes who doomed such succulent food to such a
ble waste. One animal amongst them had such
e and savage aspect that we were pleased that
g fence stood between us and him. This was
e boar with wicked-looking tusks curling over
out. The smooth-faced, unemotional bonze who
as our guide assured us that it was a hundred
old. It was ugly enough and ferocious enough
that age, but we had sufficient evidence of our
convince us that our instructor was not speak-
e truth.

tever influence the Buddhist faith may have
re Chinese character, there is one thing it has
to accomplish, and that is to make the people
l. This sleek devotee, standing by us with
crown and devotion on his unfathomable face,
those presence there meant a life exclusively

noble an animal should be condemned to pass his days in inaction, chained by the ring in his nose to a post, from which he would never be released.

A considerable number of his kind, less fierce than he, were, we were told, away on the hillside feeding, and would not be brought back until the evening.

The lengthening shadows that fell around us, and the brilliant colours flashing through the clouds, which had massed themselves in mighty heaps around the western mountains, as if in anticipation of the artistic displays of the setting sun, reminded us that we must dally no longer on this beautiful mountain-top. We accordingly wended our way slowly through the majestic trees that for generations had been singing the songs which reached our ears as we passed beneath them. At every turn in the road the beauties of the scenery arrested our attention. On our left was a mighty ravine, hundreds of feet deep, whose sides were covered with mosses and ferns, and whose base was shrouded in shadows so deep and so profound that no eye could tell from the top what lay beyond them. On the opposite side the mountain sloped gradually, and terrace after terrace, with their bright green crops of rice, and the gleams of the water in which it grew, showed how the glories of nature can be enhanced by the industry of man. Still further on the scenery again changed. Mountain torrents began to rush with fierce and sullen roar down the steep sides, and angry mutterings filled the deeper ravines, where the crowded waters flowed in hot and impetuous haste to join the river in the distance. Steep and rocky precipices now took the place of the gentler slopes. Here the foot of man had never trod, and mountain peaks and rugged pines, growing in almost inaccessible clefts of the rocks, were the last sights we had to gaze upon as we fairly came to the brow of the hill where our descent to the plain began.

As we went down deeper and deeper we began to realize the immense difference between the mountain-top

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lower level which we had now reached. There was cool and fresh, and we could wander about at ease. Here the atmosphere was thick and heavy, and beads of perspiration trickled from our foreheads, as we vainly endeavoured to stay with our

and lower we descended, and the villages that were plain, appearing at first like black specks on a background of purest green, became more distinct. At last we reached the foot, and wending our way amongst the rice fields, we realized that the hand of the East was more upon us, and that the few hours of coolness we had experienced on Kushan were the last we should feel until the summer had fled, and the late autumn winds had begun to battle with the scorching rays of the sun.

The city of Foochow is one of great importance, as it is the capital of the province of Fuhkien, and consequently the residence of the viceroy and the other high mandarins who have the chief voice in the government, not only of this province, but also of the neighbouring provinces of Chehkiang. From a Chinese point of view



MANDARINS IN THEIR OFFICIAL DRESSES.



ourselves winding our way through narrow and unsavoury streets, and jostling against endless streams of people until we come to the entrance of the road leading directly to the city. A few yards along this, and we find ourselves on the edge of the Min, when we cross a short bridge that connects the bank and a small island lying in the river. Beyond this comes the long bridge, named by the Chinese 'The Bridge of Ten Thousand Longevities.' This structure commands our admiration, not only because it is so substantially built, but also because it is a monument of the skill with which the Chinese can defy the natural difficulties that one would have supposed could only be overcome by the highest scientific knowledge.

The river at this point is several hundred yards wide, and its current is deep and rapid. As we stand and look over the parapet we realize this, for we notice how the waters lash themselves against the piers, and with what a sullen swish and swirl they fly past them, as though indignant that anything should have dared to stop them on their way to the ocean. But, see, here is a large boat coming down that has unstepped her mast, and is being guided by the help of oars to shoot one of the openings in the bridge. Mark with what anxious looks the crew gaze ahead, and how every man bends to his oar, the captain gripping his tiller with a strong and steady grasp, and pointing his boat with unerring skill to the opening he has in view. See how rapidly she flies toward us. For the moment we hold our breath, and our pulse beats quickly, lest some accident should occur, and she should be flung on the sharp, cruel piers, and be wrecked in our very sight. But there is no danger of this, for the captain has spent his life on the river, and his eye has been trained to more difficult feats than this, and so the boat comes on as confidently as though she had the river to herself. Soon she is close upon us, and we can see the faces of women looking up to us, and children, who have stopped in their games

at the sudden sight of us. Whilst we are absorbed in this picturesque view of a floating home, the boat has slipped beneath us, and when we start suddenly to catch a glimpse of her on the other side, she is already flying swiftly down the stream, and is vanishing from our view amongst the crowds of junks anchored below the bridge.

The importance of Foochow as a commercial centre is evident from the number and character of the vessels



A TRADING JUNK.

that are gathered here in full view of this famous bridge. Here are junks laden with the timber that has grown on the sides of the mountains we can see in the distance. Further on are three-masted vessels, deep down in the water with cargoes of paper that was made in the mountain districts, where miles and miles of the graceful feathery bamboos supplied the materials. Beyond those are huge and massively built junks, which are destined to carry the countless products of farmers' industry or manufacturers' skill to other regions of China, where



THE BRIDGE OF TEN THOUSAND LONGEVITIES, FOOCHOW.

such are unknown. The scene is a busy one to look on. Sampans ply about in the sunshine, carrying sailors to and from the shore. Small fishing boats, about whose decks can be seen the members of the family, who have no other home, are ornamented with brown nets hoisted up to dry. Great, corpulent-looking timber junks, with poles that fill up every vacant space on deck, and swarm over the sides outside the boat, are having their sails hoisted to the noisy cry of the sailors. Others, again, are coming in with the flood, and, as they draw near, men in the bows vigorously beat gongs, the sound of which causes all in port who know them to respond with the same hideous noise, as a welcome into the harbour.

But let us leave this busy, fascinating scene, that changes every moment as the living factors in it move in and out on the shifting panorama, and let us continue on our way to the city.

At the end of the bridge we descend a few steps, and find ourselves at the entrance of a narrow street about twelve feet wide, lighted up with a dim, religious light, the result of continuous screens stretched across it, to keep off the glare and heat of the summer sun.

That this is an important thoroughfare is evident from the vast concourse of the people passing it from early dawn till well on into the night. As we take a rapid view of the scene in front of us, it would seem, indeed, as though locomotion would be an immensely difficult problem, so densely crowded is the street and so little spare room is there for expansion. What with the space taken up by goods placed in front of the shops, and by the stalls of fruit-sellers, and vendors of miscellaneous articles, the actual ground allowed for travellers is from five to six feet in width. Along this all kinds and conditions of people have to be content to journey. The coolies, with their heavy loads, rush with a loud shout, and dash amongst the crowds as though the road belonged to them. The governor-general, in his large

sedan chair, with his immense retinue of soldiers and retainers, comes with the blare of trumpets, and every man or woman on the street must rush incontinently to the side, and stand with arms let down, in token of respect as the great man passes by. By-and-by the tinkling of horses' bells is heard, and a military official on horseback monopolizes the whole of the available space, whilst his villainous-looking escort hold their whips in the air, and look as though they only wished



AN ITINERANT COBBLER AT WORK.

for a chance to lay them on the backs of some of the more haughty of the passengers who do not seem to cringe low enough before them.

A street like this is a most favourable place for studying human nature. One sees here how the training which has been going on for ages has at last resulted in the quiet submission of a really hot-tempered people to indignities which men in the West would never tolerate. The rude insolence of the soldiers and the supercilious contempt of the mandarins for the common people are

endured without any expression of resentment, though the heart may be burning with indignation. The Chinaman, however, is not a man to brood long over the insults of his rulers and his satellites, and hardly has the din and tumult of the passing wave of official life subsided than the various occupations in which this busy street is engaged are once more resumed, and each individual is as much absorbed in his own particular



A CHINESE BARBER.

calling as though no such a thing as rapacious mandarins and bloodthirsty soldiers existed within the empire.

As we quietly pursue our way through the dense masses that gravitate from sideways and alleys into this main artery, we are struck with the large amount of wealth that must be accumulated in the shops we pass. Here are silk shops with the produce of the most famous looms in China, stored ready for the wealthy buyers who reside in this, the metropolis of the province.

Hat shops, with all the newest styles both for winter and autumn wear, and drapers' shops, with both foreign and native manufactures, display their signboards and invite the public to visit them. Here, too, may be seen large tea establishments, which are prepared, not only to supply purchasers with the famous Bohea, which grows on the distant hills, but also to refresh the thirsty traveller in the large rooms that are open all day and far into the night, and which are generally full of noisy, good-humoured customers, who discuss a thousand questions whilst they sip the fragrant beverage.

As we saunter on, we suddenly find a flavour in the air that never came from beds of roses or that ever was distilled from myrrh or cassia. We are accustomed to the peculiar odours of a Chinese street, but this has a startling character of its own that is not to be trifled with. We find that we have come upon the great fish market that supplies the vast population of this district. We seem to have at once left the haunts of the city, and to have entered the domains of the sea. Here is every kind of product that is gathered from the river, or from the wider ocean that lies beyond. Fish in every condition strikes upon the vision. Here are some that seem as though they had just been caught, and had been brought up by express to market. Close by are others that have been cut in slices ready for sale, and the blood that oozes from them seems so fresh that one would believe that they had but just ceased to live, did one not know that the fishmonger has an ingenious way of sprinkling pigs' blood upon them, so as to deceive the unwary. Further on are quantities of salted fish, heaped up in great baskets, that are evidently intended for transport into the interior, whilst here and there men are vigorously sprinkling with water various denizens of the ocean, in the hopes of staying the decay that has already set in, and which is giving that unpleasant odour that makes this part of the street so unpleasant.

But we must hurry on, and so, without staying to gaze at the many wonderful and grotesque features that strike one in a Chinese street, we finally reach the ponderous city gate, through which we are admitted into this famous town.

The city proper is surrounded by a wall about three miles in circumference, and with the suburbs contains a population of fully six hundred thousand people. It



PART OF THE CITY WALL OF FOOCHOW.

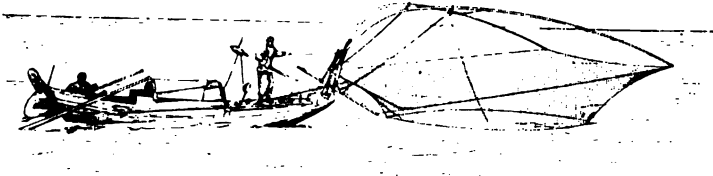
is a highly respectable place, and, on the whole, cleanly and well kept. Being the residence of high mandarins, and of the crowds of expectant office-holders that congregate here in the hopes of getting some of the many offices that abound in the two provinces of Fuhkien and Chehkiang, it is a very busy town. From morning till night one meets with well-dressed men, who seem to have no special occupation but to perambulate the streets. These are the people who are eating out their hearts with anxiety and impatience

for the possible office that is to relieve them from their angry creditors, and from the impending poverty that even now casts a shadow over their homes and their lives. Mandarins in splendid sedans are borne along with ostentatious noise, and military officers with their escorts of soldiers, dressed in brilliant orange-coloured uniforms, swagger by, as much apart in sympathy with the people they rule as though they belonged to another race.

If one were to accept the look of the streets and the shops as a criterion of the commerce that is carried on by this town, one would be considerably puzzled to explain how such a dull and slow-going place as this should ever have managed to build up such a trade as this port undoubtedly has. The fact is, Foochow is very much like other large cities in the empire. The trade, somehow or other, does not like to be confined within their walls, but seems to be drawn by an undefined law to the suburbs. This is conspicuously the case here. The long line of streets that stretch fully three miles from the south gate of the city till they touch the water's edge, and the Foreign Settlement that has entrenched itself on the opposite bank of the river, absorb all the energy and commercial activity that have made Foochow such a well-known centre of trade both at home and abroad.

Foochow, with its splendid mountains and winding river, and glens and dales, which Nature has used her choicest art to embellish, is a beautiful place to visit. Its orange groves and picturesque surroundings, that seem to have been fashioned with the special purpose of serving as spots where picnics could be enjoyed to the very fullest, make it so charming and delightful that visitors care not to leave it, but like to prolong their stay. When to all this is added the generous hospitality of its foreign community, whose genial and sociable qualities are so well known, and who spare no pains to add to the fascination that Nature has

thrown around it by the warmth with which they entertain the passing guest, Foochow may be considered as one of the most pleasant places on the whole of the coast of China.



FISHING ON A CHINESE RIVER.

CHAPTER IV

Amoy

From Foochow down the Coast to Amoy—Amoy Harbour and Hundred Gun Battery—Kulangsu—The Church—The Club—The Masonic Hall—The Tennis Ground, etc.—Scenes in the Harbour—The Town—Smells—Temples—Graves—Scenery—Tiger Shooting.

THE coast between Foochow and Amoy is of very much the same character as that lying to the north of the former. It may be perhaps a little more wild and rugged, for the country near the sea is certainly more barren, and therefore less adorned by Nature than other portions either to the north or the south of it.

After leaving the Min, our steamer heads in a southeasterly direction, with the great mountains of the mainland on our right, and the islands of Matsu and the White Dogs on our left. Beyond these stretch the waters of the Pacific, which, ruffled by a strong breeze, sends its foam-edged waves to sob and dash themselves into spray amongst the countless rocks that gather round the base of the islands.

On one of these latter is the lighthouse, well known to mariners, because its light enables them on the darkest night to guide their ships out of the mad, roaring waves into a sea which is made almost inland by the chain of islands that stretches across the seaward side of it. Vessels travelling north or south have always tried during the night time to catch a glimpse of this light, for by doing so they have been enabled to fix their position absolutely.



HARBOUR AND ISLAND OF AMOY.

After passing by the White Dogs, we find ourselves fairly at sea, and the long roll of the waves and the uneasy motion of the ship convince us that we have left the shelter of the river behind us, and that until we reach Amoy we shall have to bear whatever weather we may meet with on our passage there. The place we are now in is one of the most capricious and uncertain along the entire coast.

We are just at the entrance of the Formosa Channel, and here tides run races with each other as they do nowhere else, and winds, too, roar and revel, whilst often the seas beyond are smiling in sunshine, and are lulled to rest with the gentlest of loving whispers.

Mariners have no love for this particular region, for the chances are that they will encounter strong winds, that, with the fierce tides beneath, will turn the seas into a vast plain of revelry and riot, and perhaps, too, hurl great misty clouds over the landscape, so that the land shall disappear from view. But see! here we have an illustration of what we mean just passing within a mile of us at the present moment. It is a magnificent steamer of fully two thousand tons burden that is gallantly breasting her way against storm and sea. She is just out from England, and that nameless attraction which ever weaves itself around any ship coming straight from the homeland rivets our eyes upon her. What a noble sight she is, and how strong! The great foaming, hissing waves dash against her with all their might, and lift her upon their tops, and break themselves into spray on her decks, but nothing can stay her advance. See how grandly she behaves herself in the contest. At one moment her bows are buried in the advancing foe, that seizes and grapples with her in a death struggle, as though it would drive her to the bottom of the ocean. An instant after, she is rising majestically upon the top of the huge enemy, and the water that engulfed her is gracefully scattered into showers that are tossed high into the air, and on which

the sun, as if in gladness at her triumph, proceeds at once to paint his rainbows. Naught can stop her, and though each succeeding blast measures its strength with her, and the waves behind, unconscious of the failure of those that preceded them, rush upon her with as deadly a purpose, she laughs them all to scorn, and grandly marches on her way. All at once she becomes a misty, shadowy form to us, for the fog that has been travelling up from the distant horizon gathers round her, and her sharp and shapely outline is lost in fleecy vapour. In the last sight we have of her she seems like a spectral ship that has come across our vision for a moment, and is now vanishing again into the supernatural world from whence she came.

Whilst we have been watching the big steamer, our ship has been flying before the wind, and now we are passing the lighthouse known by the name of 'Turn-about.' It is said to be so called from an old tradition that when a sailing ship managed by desperate efforts or by good luck to reach this islet, the fierce, sullen tides that race along here caught her by the keel, and hurried her back on the road she had passed with such difficulty. It is a barren, desolate place, this rock on which the light has been placed, but it is admirably suited for the purpose for which it has been selected. It is in a most prominent position in this great highway, and it lies so directly in the track that no vessel needs to go out of her course to catch a sight of it.

A few miles behind it lies the mainland, which is famous, to seamen at least, because of the secure anchorages that lie ensconced in snug and sheltered places behind the high land facing the sea, and also for the famous Haitan Straits, which wind for miles in and out amongst the hills that may be seen in the distance.

It is very fortunate that we are to-day so near to them, for sky and sea give no uncertain predictions that a typhoon is travelling rapidly in our direction.

The heavens are shrouded in masses of thickest clouds, that seem to fly in absolute terror before the wind that has suddenly and ominously grown into a wild gale. The sea, too, has risen with a bound, and long rolling waves dash underneath us, and rear us upon their storm-tossed heads. The mercury is steadily falling, and the barometer with its silent, unerring finger marks to us the certainty of the approaching tempest.

The blasts become more fierce, as though each one were shot out of a cannon's mouth, and the rain is beginning to fall, a sure sign that we are within the radius of the typhoon's march. The captain, who has been looking anxiously towards the land for the sight of a certain headland, now puts the helm down, and steers directly for it. After a time, which seems interminable, we come close up to it, and we then discover an opening that leads into the very bosom of the land. As we steam into this, we find ourselves in smooth water at once, and, after proceeding a short distance, we anchor in a natural harbour, so sheltered by the land that we are as comfortable in this land-locked bay as though no awful voice of a mad and enraged storm were bellowing above and around us.

After lying at anchor for twenty-four hours, we get up steam and proceed upon our journey. A fresh breeze is blowing outside the headland, that covers the sea with snow-capped waves, all of them seemingly inspired with the very spirit of mischief. See how they gambol and race after each other, and toss their fleecy heads in the air! What mad rushes they make at us to catch up with us, and how they subside into a sullen sob, when they have touched our sides, and find we travel faster than they do!

We soon reach Okseu lighthouse, which stands many miles from the land, at the outer edge of the large bay which at this place presses into the land. As was foretold, the sea after leaving this point goes down considerably, for we have now fairly entered the channel,

and the tides have become less fierce, and the winds, unwilling to leave their favourite haunts, have calmed down, so that it is pleasant sitting on deck and watching the various phases that both sky and sea can assume as we travel on, driven by wind and steam.

The coast now has an exceedingly uninteresting look about it. The mountains have receded far into the distance, and have piled themselves against the sky in magnificent and stately disorder. The land by which we are flying is low and sandy. Nature seems to have become exhausted in her struggle with the great red-hot sun that shines here nearly the whole year round, and with the strong north-east monsoon winds that blow during the autumn and winter months. Looking from the ship's deck no trees can be seen anywhere, and no signs of a luxuriant growth, that one naturally associates with the tropics, for, though we are not actually within them, we are near enough to look for a vegetation that would cover those barren lands with verdure and with beauty.

The fact is, the hills with the fountains and rivulets within them are too far off to be of any benefit to the desolate and dreary-looking fields which the farmers cultivate with much difficulty. No streams travel through them to gladden tired-out Nature or to give back to the labourer in golden harvests a reward for his toil. The scanty returns are grudgingly given by the soil, and so the people along this coast look to the sea with its rich treasures of life as the real source from whence they are to obtain the necessities of daily existence.

Whilst we are looking at the dreary coastline, on which the breakers are dashing themselves to pieces, we notice a white speck away in the distance, towards which all eyes are being turned, and before long we can see a tall, slim edifice, which rises clearer and more clear from the ocean, till at last we recognise it as the Dodd Island lighthouse. After coming abreast

of it, the ship's course is turned towards the land, and we know now that we are steaming straight for Amoy, the entrance to which is right away amongst the islands that seem to nestle at the foot of the high mountain in the background, on which a pagoda is seen to stand.

Our change of course is not long in producing a very perceptible difference in the condition of things on board. The sea has rapidly subsided, and the great waves that rushed white and foaming after us have been left far behind, and we can see only their lofty crests in the distance, now sparkling in the sun and now flung in spray into the air. As we continue to steam on we bring the island of Quemoy close upon our right, and as we do so the land, which has hitherto looked dim and indistinct as we saw it from the distance, comes more prominently into view. Vistas of open water, and hills and valleys, and great openings, that may be plains, or the roads by which travellers find their way into the interior, slowly emerge from out the haze, and the landscape gradually forms itself into a distinct vision, upon which our eyes rest with pleasure.

As we advance we draw nearer still to the land. Quemoy is replaced by Little Quemoy, and then the 'Great Load' and the 'Little Load' are passed almost within stone's-throw, whilst finally we enter the narrow channel that leads into the bay, and, with Green Island lighthouse close on our left, we pass within the chain of islands that forms the extreme barrier of the magnificent outer harbour of Amoy. The great bay across which we are now steaming is one of the most beautiful scenes on the coast of China. Nature seems to have put forth all her strength to render it as charming as possible. To the seaward stretches the chain of islands through which we have just passed, and which appear to have been placed there as a kind of advance guard to protect this miniature inland sea from the ravages and onslaughts of the furious waves. To the right of these, as if a protecting sentinal over the whole,

towers up the 'Great Southern Warrior.' This lofty mountain looks down upon the bay and the islands, and sends its gaze far out to sea, as if to keep an outlook against coming foes, and also to guide the approaching mariner to the beautiful harbour at its feet. The special mission, however, which seems to have been entrusted to it is to charm by its endless transformations those who live within sight of it. Its moods are infinite, and, like the kaleidoscope, surprise the onlooker by the unexpected visions that flash upon his gaze.

On the opposite side of the bay lies the island of Amoy. It is rugged and desolate-looking, and gives one the impression that Nature has abandoned it in despair as a hopeless place for the exercise of her genius. Beyond the hills that skirt the island are plains, where a numerous population, in over a hundred villages, live in comfort the year round by the crops that are gathered from them. Steaming along near the shore, we get a more distinct view of it, and it begins to look less dreary than it did when we first caught sight of it. Villages nestled amongst boulders and high lands relieve the monotony, whilst the cultivated fields and terraces that show out with a most beautiful green against the grey and black sides of the hills give a variety to the scene that is most pleasing.

As we advance we observe an extensive series of fortifications, heavily armed, running parallel with the shore. Great guns peep from numerous embrasures, and the tops of tents, with gaudy flags flying from them, and soldiers in orange-coloured uniforms, are seen from the deck of the steamer, all indicating that extensive preparations have been made for the coming of any foe.

These batteries are the same that in the first war with China, in 1842, were captured by the English. Vast preparations had been then made by the Chinese for the possible invasion of the barbarians, and confident

boasts were made that any force of them daring to enter the bay would be sunk beneath its waters. Ten thousand men had been gathered behind the high walls, that not only faced the sea, but also ran up the hill far beyond the entrenched camp, on the side towards which the enemy was expected to approach, and a hundred cannons stood ready to deal out death and destruction upon the foe. The English fleet opened fire upon the forts, whilst a land force advanced against the weaker works on the hill. No sooner were the heads of the columns seen appearing on the top of the ramparts than a panic seized the Chinese, and in a few minutes the great host of defenders was a wild, unreasoning mob, thinking only how dear life might be saved. Almost before the English could fairly get over the walls, or the boats of the men-of-war reach the shore, the camps were deserted, the guns had been left silent and alone, with their messages of death still undelivered, and a fleeing crowd made the roads hideous with the noise and confusion of their flight. In this terrible rout all distinctions of rank were entirely lost. The governor-general of the province, who had come to head the troops in their resistance to the English, and the high officials of his suite fled side by side with the rank and file, who had thrown away their jingalls, because they impeded them in their flight.

But amongst the great mass of cowards who ran that day in such terror from the foe there were some real heroes. Several of the officers, burning with shame at the disgrace that had come upon their country, and unable to stay the flight of their men, determined that they would not survive that fatal day. They accordingly left the deserted guns, and walking down the beach, they threw themselves into the sea, and were drowned. This act was witnessed by our men on board the men-of-war, and excited unbounded admiration in all that saw it.

The Chinese have the making in them of good and valiant soldiers. What is requisite is that their discipline should be improved, and also that they should have men to lead them in whom they can have confidence. General Gordon proved by his 'ever-victorious' regiments, that were drilled by himself and that were inspired with his own personality, that the Chinaman is fit for the highest service in the field. Under his leadership they met the famous Taiping rebels, who had the reputation of being invincible fighters, and they repeatedly defeated them, and finally crushed the rebellion that had taxed the resources of the whole empire for many years.

It may easily be imagined how the people of Amoy were frenzied with terror as ten thousand fugitives, with the sound of the English guns in their ears, and the vision of the red-coated soldiers still before them, rushed through the town, not feeling themselves safe until they had left it miles behind. The place was at once in a panic, and all who could possibly do so fled with their families to the seashore, and offered fabulous sums to boatmen to carry them to the mainland. The rabble of the town soon began their work of plunder, and opium-smokers, and gamblers, and men whose eyes were more accustomed to the darkness of the night than the light of day, sallied forth from the dens and alleys of the city to enrich themselves at the expense of those who had counted their lives more precious than their property. The speedy arrival of the English, however, who hastened to take control of the town, put an end to the intentions of these gentry, and in a short space of time order was restored, and the fugitive Chinese returned to their homes, and put themselves under the protection of their conquerors.

After passing the hundred-gun battery we rapidly close in with the land. We have indeed visions of water and of islets studding it, and mountains in the background, such as would entrance the heart of an artist,

but they quickly pass from our sight as we enter the strait that divides Amoy from the island of Kulangsu, and which constitutes the harbour in which all vessels bound for this port finally anchor.

The view from the steamer's deck is a very beautiful one, and always strikes a new-comer as especially charming and delightful. To seaward the objects of interest have this delightful feature about them, that they are constantly changing the aspect in which they show themselves to the spectator. The islands far in the distance, that seem like a frame in which the bay is set, the Southern Warrior, the miniature inland sea, seem to be continually planning how they shall transform themselves, and present a different appearance every time they are looked upon. At one time they are ablaze with sunshine, and at another they are in shadow, for the sun has fled, and dark clouds look down upon them. Then again the storm is raging, and the sea has risen, and steamers, distressed and weary-looking with the struggle they have had outside with the tempest there, are anchored in the bay, which is now covered with foam and angry waves. The mood once more changes, and ships with lofty masts and swelling sails glide in from the ocean outside, and drop their anchors within the peaceful waters, and the islands smile upon them as they pass by, whilst the Warrior in stately repose looks down in solemn grandeur upon the whole.

Looking up the harbour in the opposite direction, the scene is still beautiful, though of an entirely different character. The mountains that rise abruptly from the plain that borders on the sea are rugged and bold, and so diversified in appearance that no suspicion of monotony ever rests upon them. Some are rounded at the top, whilst others again tower away into peaks, which stand out against the blue sky as if they were lofty pinnacles of some great cathedral that had been built on the mountain range.

These hills are near enough to be seen distinctly,

and yet far enough off to have that vague and indefinite look about them that will allow one's imagination to play the romance, so as to conjure up all kinds of fancies as to what may exist amongst them and in the lonely valleys at their feet.

We know that tigers dwell there, and that even in broad daylight men fear to go alone. But, beside these, the Chinese imagination has peopled these hills with fairies, that, in the garb of venerable old men, with long white flowing beards, interfere in the affairs of men and bring joy and gladness in homes where sorrow or poverty had thrown their shadows over them. It also fills the caverns and dark recesses where the sunbeams never play with gnomes and sprites whose hearts are full of enmity to mankind, and who travel in the storm, or where the darkness lies the most profound, to work out some deed of evil that shall bring misery to men.

The island of Amoy is about thirty miles in circumference, and contains a population estimated at about two hundred and fifty thousand people. It has one hundred and thirty-six villages scattered over its surface, some of which contain more than a thousand inhabitants, whilst others are mere hamlets, with only a few score of people in them. Of course, the place of supreme importance is the town of Amoy, which comes down to the water's edge on the northern side of the harbour, and stretches away back in endless intricate lines of streets fully a mile away from the sea.

Ever since the treaty of 1842, which formally opened this city to foreign trade and residence, it has occupied a very prominent position as a commercial centre. The presence of a considerable number of foreigners here who have come to carry on business at this port is an evidence of this. Part of the sea front is entirely occupied by the English Concession, granted by the Imperial Government as a place where, free from the control of the mandarins

and their squeezes, the merchants can engage in their business without any fear of being interfered with. As compared with Shanghai or Foochow, the foreign hong's are comparatively few in number.

Across the harbour, which averages about a quarter of a mile in width, is the island of Kulangsu (The Drum Wave Island), so named because at certain states of the tide the waves rush through an opening in a rock on the southern side of it, and produce a sound



A SCENE ON KULANGSU, AMOY.

which in the distance resembles the beating of a drum. It is exceedingly picturesque, for, though only about a mile and a half in width and three in length, it combines within itself the varied features of an extensive landscape, though of course in a miniature form. There are hills, one or two of which seem as though they would aspire to be mountains, only Nature has not given them the required space, and valleys, and plains, and sandy beaches, and high bluffs, and capes, and promontories, all producing such

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sity of scenery as makes the island one of the best on the coast of China.

very few exceptions, the foreigners live on su, whilst the business houses are all across the harbour in Amoy, the business men crossing over in the morning and returning in the afternoon. The English Consulate, which used in former times to be placed in close proximity to the hong, for some inscrutable reason best known to the authorities, has been removed to the Customs Office, been built on Kulangsu, to the great convenience of the merchants, who find themselves much troubled by having to cross over the water every time they have any business with the authorities.

The beauty of the natural scenery of this island is greatly enhanced by the residences of the foreigners scattered over it in every direction. As a rule these are spacious and handsome buildings, and are surrounded by trees and gardens, where flowers of every kind thrive with the greatest luxuriance and fill the air with their fragrance. There is one spot on the island that is a very striking one, and

with great wisdom is evident from the splendid condition of the highways, and also from their extent. Considering the limited area on which they have had to operate, it is very creditable to them that they have managed to make about eight miles of good serviceable roads, which can be used in nearly all weathers.

One special charm about these latter is the trees that have been planted along their sides. They not only add to the picturesqueness of the island and enhance the beauty of the walks, but they are also a great comfort during the hot months, when the sun, in the greatness of his strength, pours down his molten rays. The trees planted by the committee are about the very best that could have been selected for the purposes they were intended to serve. They are very umbrageous, and resist all efforts of the sun to penetrate them. They grow rapidly, so that in the course of two or three years they attain to a comparatively large size, and they are easily reproduced. A branch cut off and stuck in the ground will begin, in the course of a few days, to put out leaves, and without any care but that of Nature it begins its new life. Even the Chinese, who seem utterly regardless of the intense heat that prevails, highly appreciate the coolness that exists beneath these trees, and praise the wisdom and benevolence of the foreigners for thinking of the public in a way that would never have suggested itself to the mind of the heathen.

Another conspicuous feature on the island is the public lawn, where most of the outdoor recreations of certain sections of the community are carried on. Here, every afternoon when the weather is fine, the ladies and gentlemen gather for amusement. Tennis is the great institution of the place, and it is played with unflinching enthusiasm for fully nine months in the year. The practice thus obtained has developed some very fine players, who would stand high if they were placed in

competition with some of the best players in the homelands. The one advantage of this game is that it can be played in the very hottest days of summer, when walking would be a burden and any other active exercise intolerable. It is a fact, that however languid one may feel after a day of intense heat, and though the thermometer may still show 90° in the shade, the moment the players confront each other the feeling of weariness vanishes and the intense heat is forgotten.

During the winter months the play on this lawn is varied by hockey, and football, and cricket. The last named still holds its own as the prime favourite with many of the gentlemen, and is a source of attraction to the whole community. This is evidenced by the fact that whenever a match is being played people turn out in large numbers to look at it. This is specially the case when some man-of-war happens to touch at the port. Such a rare opportunity for a game that shall test the qualities of the Amoy players is eagerly taken advantage of; and the officers and blue-jackets are quite as anxious for the excitement of a match and the pleasure of a run on shore under such enjoyable circumstances. When once the challenge has been accepted, a printed circular is sent round the community intimating the fact. The young men who are to play are released from their engagements in their offices, and as the sun goes down the pavilion is crowded with visitors, who seem to have caught the home enthusiasm for the great English game. This enthusiasm is a tribute to the game itself, but it is also a powerful witness to the strong feeling that exists in every heart for the homeland, and which the long distance from it only tends to deepen and accentuate. There is nothing that shows more distinctly how strong are the ties that bind men to their absent friends and relatives than the keenness with which anything that recalls them to their memories is appreciated. Home flowers, for example, are reared from seed and cultivated with the most loving care, whilst rare flowers, that

would send people in England into raptures, are looked upon with interest, it is true, but not with the tenderness and affection that are lavished upon the more homely plants.

The public buildings on Kulangsu are few. Union Church is an unpretentious but an exceedingly useful and comfortable place of worship. The architect who designed it had evidently the comfort both of the preacher and of the congregation in view rather than an architectural style that might have been more rigidly ecclesiastical, but that would not have conduced to the pleasure of religious worship. It is light and airy, with large windows guarded by venetians on the outside. The pews consist of five sittings, each one in the form of an arm-chair, in which the worshipper can sit with the greatest comfort; for he is not only protected against any crowding by his neighbours, but he is also secured a position of perfect ease, for the backs of these chairs have been made at the precise angle that secures absolute rest to the person who occupies them. The services are conducted by the resident missionaries, one Sunday the Episcopal service being used, and the next the Nonconformist, so as to meet the wishes of the different sections of the community.

Not very far from this is the Club, an institution which meets a want in this far-off land, for it combines within itself the means of recreation and amusement such as are essential in an outport like Amoy. Here, after the duties of the day are over, the gentlemen who are members of it assemble to dispose of their spare time in the manner that is most agreeable to each. Some read the newspapers, others play billiards, others again indulge in bowls, whilst those who are studiously inclined occupy the comfortable reading-room, where numerous periodicals and a tolerably large library are at their disposal. Should any one be more actively inclined, a fine racquet court is close at hand, where he can enjoy a game and have all the excitement connected

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port in which more than one of the members of
community have suffered from the perils associated

y the tennis lawn is an artistic-looking build-
has all the air and appearance of a place where
meet to indulge in study and to discuss the great
that continually arise in the world of letters.
a quietness and a scholarly look about it that
the onlooker. No vulgar crowd rushes in and
an academic calmness pervades it, such as
who are immersed in thought love to have
them. That it must be an institution of learning
from the number of Chinese characters that
ted conspicuously around the main entrance.
course intimate scholarship of a high order,
the mercantile communities in the East are
l about pursuits of a more agreeable character
inese studies can give them, there must be
ally studious men in Amoy, who prefer to
the intricate language and literature of China
pend their time in the more common amuse-
tennis and billiards.

A few minutes walk down the road brings us to a sea beach, which is one of the most attractive resorts, in the summer months, in this beautiful island. Nature seems to have used her highest art to make this place so charming that one never wearies in looking upon the scenes she has grouped artistically together. The beach is a sloping one, and broad enough at high tide to allow the children who flock here, after the sun has hidden his fiery face behind the neighbouring hill, to play amongst its sands, or gather the shells that the sea is continually throwing up from its inexhaustible stores. In front is a wide, extensive bay, in which the navy of a nation might anchor with safety. This expanse of water is rendered still more picturesque than it naturally is by the islands that fringe it on the seaward side, and by the mountains and hills that come down to the very edge of it on the south. These latter are an endless source of beauty. Sometimes bathed in light, they cast their glory upon the waters that smile back again in response to their greeting; sometimes the clouds float over them, and then all the varied hues that the sun has ever been able to paint upon them are seen flitting over their solemn and majestic tops, the reflections of which touch the face of the bay and now glorify it with their own colours, now turn it into deepest mourning, and then again fill it with the gladdest laughter that ever rippled from the unconscious waves.

Close by this sunny spot are the offices of the Great Northern Telegraphic Company, which play an important part in the life of the Amoy community. Here great questions in commerce are decided in a few seconds, and with the flash of the electric current tidings are sent away to far-distant lands, to bring either pain or gladness to the friends there. Every day the important news of remote countries is talked of and discussed the same day that the events themselves occurred, although they may have happened at the other extremity of the

globe. It is a comfort to the foreigner to feel that, though far removed by space from those he loves, he can in any emergency, by stepping down to these offices, come speedily into touch with them, and in the course of a few hours know accurately how they are, and what they are doing.

The only other buildings of a public character on the island are the churches and colleges that have been



THEOLOGICAL TRAINING COLLEGE OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

opened by the missionaries for the use of their native converts and for the training of men for the office of the ministry. There are two of the former, one belonging to the English Presbyterians and the other to the London Missionary Society, which being situated in places convenient for those who live in different parts of the island, are filled every Sunday with Christian congregations.

A very pretty spectacle every Sabbath morning it is to see the troops of worshippers wending their way from

the large village in the central part of the island to one of these two churches. The men have usually got on their best; and impressed with the idea that they are going to engage in a solemn service, they have made special efforts to appear as clean and as trim as the barber's art and their Sunday clothes can make them.



CHRISTIAN SCHOOL GIRLS.

The girls, however, from the boarding schools, of which there are three, and the young married women from the various homes scattered about, carry off the palm for the picturesque appearance they present as they mingle in the throngs that crowd the main street of the village, or as they wind their way along the quieter roads that protect them from the observation and criticisms of the sterner sex. Their costume is a very bright one, and

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y in harmony with a climate where the sun
s everywhere and fills everything with his
the greater part of the year. Some are dressed
with a facing that makes it stand out in striking
others in pink, edged with green, whilst others
ear in black, or orange, or white, trimmed with
ers that set them off to the best advantage. The
very charming, and though according to our
ideas the harmony in colours is far from being
ne picture they present is perfectly idyllic, and
ne never tires of looking at. There is no doubt
the head-dress has a great deal to do with the
fect that is produced on one's mind when look-
ese brightly-dressed young girls. Their hair,
very luxuriant and as black as jet—no other
deed, being known throughout the empire—is
with such art and exquisite taste that it has
ttractive and becoming look. Into this are
fragrant flowers, such as the jessamine or
rose, or other native ones which may be in
the time, whilst gold and silver pins with
pearls dangling from their ends, are inserted



A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.



The Christian element on the island is a considerable one, and therefore a conspicuous one on the Sundays, and well contrasts with those who still believe in the worship of the idols. Christianity inculcates many homely virtues, such as are never preached in the heathen temples, and consequently the Christians develop many graces, both in regard to cleanliness and modesty of attire, and a higher ideal of womanly life, which are not to be found in the unbelieving homes of their neighbours. The preaching of the gospel has been attended with great success both in Amoy and in the interior of the country. The large number of professed Christians, with their organized Churches, many of which are self-supporting, and the considerable sums that are contributed for the support of their native pastors and preachers, are a decisive proof of this.¹

It is now time to leave this picturesque little island, and passing over to Amoy, examine the various objects of interest that are to be found there.

Coming down to one of the jetties we find a large number of sampans grouped around it, each one with its head pointing to the landing, and kept in position by the boatman's boat-hook being inserted in the narrow spaces between the slabs of stone of which the jetty is composed, and holding it firmly in its place. No sooner do we appear than a shout is raised by the owners of every boat, each one endeavouring to pitch his voice higher than his neighbour's, and calling upon us to hire his sampan. As we walk leisurely down towards the boats, enjoying the scene suddenly pre-

¹ The statistics of the London Missionary Society at the close of 1895 are as follows: Members, 2034; inquirers, 2343; organized Churches, 43; preaching stations, 31; baptized children, 913; contributions towards self-support, 4817 dollars. The other two Missions in Amoy, viz., the English Presbyterian, and the American Reformed Church, can show equally favourable results. It will be thus seen that Christianity is an important factor in this region, and a power that is making itself felt in almost every department of life throughout the country.

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us, the men become more demonstrative, and attract our attention. Loud stentorian voices call us to come into their boats, and shrill falsetto floats through the air as their owners point with impassioned gesticulation and descant on the merits of their craft. Not one of the twenty or thirty boats stays his cry, or resigns this good-natured competition to secure a fare, until we enter the boat we selected. Then the uproar ceases and a sudden calm succeeds the tempest, and faces are wreathed with humoured smiles at their own defeat, and the boatman pushes his boat away from the jetty, and we rest with no feeling of ill-will or of jealousy that they failed to get us to hire them.

Sampan comfortably seat two, the rower sits in the stern of the boat with his face to the stern, whilst the passengers sit in the front. They are rowed by hand; they cross the harbour in all kinds of weather, and very rarely indeed does an accident befall them. Of course, when the natives hire sampans, a great many more than two are crowded in. Sometimes as many as twelve or fourteen

greatest interest are the foreign shipping, and especially the large steamers that lie anchored waiting for the cargoes they are to carry to the Far West. Here is one of the famous 'Glen' line that sails to-morrow for New York. Both sides of her are lined with cargo-boats, that are filling her, as rapidly as the Chinese can work, with chests of tea from Tamsui, in the island of Formosa. The Oolong that is produced there is a great favourite with the people of the States, as well indeed it may be, for no more fragrant tea is produced in any of the famous tea-plantations of China than that which comes from this lovely island. Not far from her lies one of the famous 'Empress' steamers, bound for Vancouver, also taking in tea, as well as carrying passengers for that far-off port. What a magnificent ship she looks, as she stands high out of the water, ready for the perilous voyage she has to make across some of the stormiest seas in the world! She gives one the impression of great strength combined with great speed, and that she is well-fitted to cope with the fierce gales and mountain seas she will have to encounter in the North Pacific Ocean, as she is racing against time to fulfil her mail contract. The comfort on board is quite in harmony with what we should expect from the opinion we have formed of her as we look at her from the outside. Without any question, this line stands unrivalled in Eastern waters, at least for the speed it attains and for the attention to those who have the good fortune to travel by it.

A little further down the harbour is anchored the Haitan, one of a line of coast steamers that, starting from Hong-Kong, touches at Swatow and Amoy, and finally at Foochow, and then returns by the same route to the place it first started from. These ships are great favourites with all residing in the coast ports, for they are the regular means by which communication is kept up with the outside world. They generally carry away the home letters to Hong-Kong

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to catch the mail that leaves there for England
ance on stated days, and they also bring in
come letters from the home-lands. On those
when the mails from England are expected, no
is the Maltese cross of this well-known line
at the signal station, than every home flutters
vous expectation of news from friends. Some
eir coolies to the post-office for their letters,
others wait till the Chinese messenger, with a
ng over his back, marches in with his load
ributes the precious quota that belongs to each

red about the harbour are sailing vessels, most
being Germans, that run with cargoes to the
north as far as Newchwang, and southward
lla, and even Singapore and Penang. They
to make a scanty living by this trading on
st, but they find it difficult to compete with
mers; and they will in time vanish from the
ust as the junks that used to fill the harbour
ears ago, and made it so Oriental and pictur-
ave given place to the faster and safer ships

not all available for the public, as the shopkeepers have a custom, which is almost universal, of putting tables in front of their shops on which their goods are exposed for sale. This being done on both sides of the road, the actual space allowed for traffic is reduced oftentimes to not more than four or five feet in width.

That the sanitary question has never been seriously discussed and regulated by the town is evident from the atrocious smells that meet one at every turn of the road. No scavenger is ever seen in any of the streets, nor is there any systematic effort ever made to keep them clean. The dirt, therefore, is allowed to accumulate in every vacant space, either at the corners of houses or in the front of the temples. The Chinese have got inured by ages of experience to live in the very midst of odours that would breed a pestilence in England.

The general appearance of the town of Amoy is anything but prepossessing. The houses are built irregularly, and have a frowsy, dilapidated look, that gives one the impression that the city is in anything but a flourishing condition. This would be an entirely wrong inference to draw, for the Chinese, in common with all Orientals, do not believe in beautiful business houses with magnificent fronts as essential to trade. They live in a land where such dwellings would excite the cupidity of their rulers, who would soon find means to relieve them of any surplus cash.

The only public buildings that exist in Amoy, besides the Christian churches, and a hospital that is mainly supported by the contributions of the foreign residents, are the idol temples. Considering that the public has never been taxed to erect others, such as are found in abundance in any of the large cities of the West, these are remarkably poor specimens of what a town can produce, both as regards their style and architecture, and the manner in which they are

furnished for public use. But let us examine one, and see for ourselves precisely what these buildings are like. Close by us is one that is exactly suited to our purpose, and that is the temple of the god of war. This is one of the most popular places of worship in the town. The idol, besides being resorted to by many who believe in its power to protect, is the patron god of the present Manchu dynasty, and is therefore worshipped by the mandarins in their official capacity at early dawn on the first and fifteenth of every month. This is the only occasion on which any body of men assemble at a specified time to worship, for the common people have no set time in which they unite to carry out any religious service. Individuals go when they have some request to make from the idol, and they present their offerings to it, or make vows of what they will give it in the future, when the thing they are anxious for has, as they believe, been granted them by the god. Heathenism is a solitary system, and never gathers men in great companies to combine together to praise and reverence the idols, as Christians meet to worship God.

As we pass through the main entrance, we come into a courtyard, which at once strikes us as being very different from what we should have expected. Instead of being kept clean and orderly, dust and dirt disfigure it. Chinamen lounge about it, and articles from the hucksters' stalls outside the gates are placed carelessly around, giving it an air of disorder that one does not like to associate with a place of worship. We ascend the stone steps, and enter the building where the image of the god of war is placed, and we are once more shocked at the untidy appearance of everything we see. The floor is unswept, and dust thick and palpable rests on everything, even on the very idol, whose clothes and person look dingy through long neglect. The god is large-featured and stern-looking, and appears in the attitude of one who is in the presence

of a foe that he is about to charge. The war look is in his face and the fire of battle in his eye. His presence does not seem to make the slightest impression upon those who have followed us into the temple. There is no reverence in their demeanour towards him, nor is there the slightest change in them, though they are in the presence of an idol supposed to possess supernatural powers.

As we are standing looking at the determined set of the idol's countenance, and think how in ancient times he had distinguished himself in many a bloody battle in the stirring times in Chinese history when the empire was divided into three kingdoms, and each one strove to overcome the other two and add them to itself, a young man draws near to make his petition to the god. After kneeling and bowing to it three times, he stands for a few minutes perfectly erect before it, with his hands raised in a supplicatory manner, and muttering to himself the petition that he has come to present. He then takes the divining rods that lie on the table in front of the idol, and throws them with a deft turn of the hands into the air, and eagerly watches them as they fall to the ground. A shadow of disappointment clouds his face as he sees that the answer, as indicated by the position in which they lie, is an unfavourable one. Nothing daunted, however, he throws them once more aloft, but when they are again resting on the floor he finds that the god has answered 'No' to his request. With the dogged perseverance of his race he refuses to be satisfied with this unsatisfactory reply, so once more the ground rings with the sound of the falling rods. A look of intense satisfaction comes over his face, and a happy light gleams in his eyes, as he sees that the idol has at length returned a favourable answer to his petition. We ask him what he has been wanting the idol to grant him, and in a very frank way, though with a slight appearance of confusion, he tells

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he is in want of employment, and that having to obtain any, he had come some distance to god to interpose on his behalf.

'What does the idol say?' we then inquired. Unrolling a little piece of paper with some print on it, which the priest had given him, he read it over to us. It seemed to give some hope that after a while a good opening would occur by which the desire of his heart might be granted him; but the mind of the priest was couched in such vague language that no definite and certain hope could be indulged in from the reading of the document. It was in a Delphic style, that made it possible that whatever might be said no imputation could be laid upon the god for not having carried out his word. If employment should come, the priest could say that it had come through the interposition of the idol, and if the hopes of the man were long unfulfilled, he could still deny that this had been predicted.

'Do you think you will get some work to do?' we asked him, as we looked at his bright and intelligent countenance. 'I don't know,' he hesitatingly

that come from the stalls on the street, and from the coolies that noisily carry their heavy burdens along, and from the sedan-bearers, who literally shout their way through the dense masses that block their passage through the narrow streets. Whatever apathy there may be in the temple there is certainly none here, and we feel, as we jostle our way amongst the men who are hurrying in different directions as fast as the human tide will permit them, that the spell of numbers is upon us, and the magnetism of the life about us has touched our spirits, so that we forget the lustreless eyes and the wooden expression of the god and the dreariness of his temple.

We pursue our way through these narrow, tortuous roads, that seem to follow no settled plan, but to have been constructed at haphazard, or at the whim of those who had the control in the matter. At length we come to the outskirts of the town, and at the base of a low range of hills that runs along the eastern side of the island of Amoy, and which terminates rather abruptly some little distance from its north-eastern coast. These hills are distinguished for the number of Buddhist temples built on their sides and in their valleys, in the most charming and picturesque spots that men with the keenest insight into the beauties of nature could have selected. One of these is called the White Stag, from a tradition that a white deer, which was really an incarnation of a good spirit, one day fled wildly across the hills pursued by a number of infuriated dogs, when it fell down exhausted and dying on a rock, where its figure is seen reclining at the present day. This mythical story was taken advantage of by the priests to induce the common people and the wealthy merchants in the town to subscribe towards the erection of a temple that might be under the protection of the spirit whose earthly manifestation had been so tragically interrupted, and where the worship of certain

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ld be carried on in the tranquillity and soli-
his hillside.

ay to this famous temple is a very devious
winds in and out amongst granite boulders,
the weather into all kinds of shapes, and
countless graves that cover the hillside, and
even the very pathways. We finally come
nt of stone steps cut out of the rock, and
ending these we stand upon the platform
the temple has been built.

ene that bursts upon our view is an exceed-
autiful one, and for a few minutes we stand
in our contemplation of it. At our feet lies
of Amoy, which stretches on two sides right
waters of the harbour. Not a trace of smoke
n any of the long lines of roofs that tell us
e streets run, so that we have a perfectly
view of the town, on which the sun is
with Oriental splendour. Immediately beyond
waters of the bay, which are studded with
ach one with some peculiar attraction of its
r beauty enhanced by the flashing rays on



TEMPLE OF LAM-PAW-TO, NEAR AMOY.



The temple itself, which is dedicated to the goddess of mercy, possesses no special attraction, but owes all its reputation to its beautiful position and the magnificent scenery that is visible from it. An inspection of it, indeed, makes us very dissatisfied with it. It is in good repair, but its floor is unswept, and dust rests not only upon the goddess, but also on the numerous little idols placed around the room. The



PART OF THE TEMPLE OF LAM-PAW-TO.

great desideratum here is a good broom, with plenty of soap and water; but judging by appearances these are articles that are very rarely used in buildings of this kind.

Whilst we are leisurely looking around, the bonze in charge of the temple comes out from some rooms at the side, and approaching us with as much of a smile on his face as it was capable of producing, began in a silly and insipid kind of a way to make

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marks to us. We are so struck with his looks at a moment we can say nothing in reply. He is a man of average height, and with the peculiar features that men of his class after a time acquire. He is a small-featured man, with a look that under certain circumstances would denote a fair amount of intelligence. The face, however, does not suggest anything of the kind now. It is thin and haggard, the skin seems to have but little flesh to cover, the eyes are lustreless, so that he has the appearance of one who is striving with much effort to get on things around him as others do. As to the habits of the priests would very likely be that all this was the result of severe study, long vigils, and profound attention to the duties of his office. He would be mistaken, however. The principal cause of the physical wreck of this man is opium. It has laid its grip upon the man, and the best living forces of the body have been paralyzed. Under the influence of that powerful opiate, the face loses its brightness, and the flesh fades, and the complexion becomes dyed with a hue that expels all

We infer from his account that he had been a very bad boy, and that he had got into companionship with lads no better than himself, and that he had gone headlong as he grew older into all manner of evil courses. His father and mother having died when he was very young, his uncle had brought him up in his own family.

This man was evidently distressed at the wickedness of his nephew, and had endeavoured in a forcible way to get him to reform. The youth, now grown to man's estate, resented this, and endeavoured to murder him. Failing in his purpose, and to escape the consequences of his meditated crime, he became a Buddhist priest, when the authorities, either considering that he had repented of his evil, or that the life he would be compelled to lead would in some measure atone for his wrong-doing, allowed the matter to drop, and he was lost to his home and to his clan. His opium habit followed him into the cloister, and having no work that demanded constant attention he had ample opportunities of indulging in it, till at the age of forty-five he appeared worn-out and ready to vanish from this beautiful scene in which so many years of his life had been spent.

It is a remarkable fact, and one that illustrates the careless morality of the Buddhists, that though this man's life is well-known to those who support this temple by their gifts and their offerings, it is not considered improper that he should still continue to be the man who should take charge of it, or officiate at the daily services in it.

Passing through a small grotto, formed in a natural way by a number of large boulders, we come to a good-sized room where another idol is enshrined, but which we suspect is not so popular as the goddess of mercy. We observe, moreover, that it has other purposes to serve besides those of worship. Chairs and tables are set out for the accommodation of the numerous parties of visitors from the town that frequently come here to while away

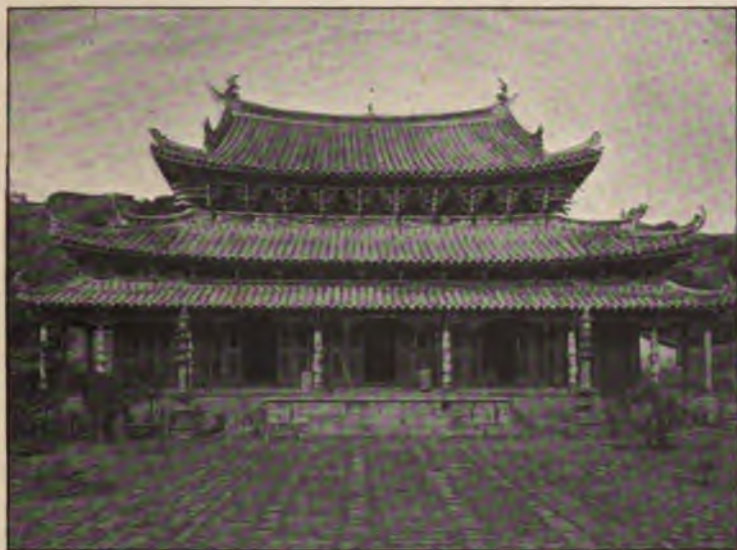
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noon in drinking tea, and in breathing the fresh air of this delightfully-situated hill. We see traces of visitors in the unswept floor and in the grimy tables and chairs that stand in a disorderly fashion about the temple. The opium-smoking priest and his attendant, who is great a devotee to the pipe as himself, have become absorbed in the supreme business of life to the cleanliness of the temple. Reverence, in the Christian sense of the word, has no place in a China-temple, and so tea-drinking and noisy games, and where often beverages stronger than were ever brewed in a teapot are consumed, are carried on right in the presence of the very idols; and yet no impropriety is considered to be committed, and no sincere believer in the gods ever hints that such things involve a want of respect to the gods he worships.

Scattered throughout these hills are a goodly number of temples similar in character to the White Stag, where the priests, impelled by no strong sense of duty towards their fellow men or by a profound faith in a Higher Being, doze away their lives, many of whom, lulled by the monotony of life, take refuge in opium,

most exquisite colours, we descend the ancient, time-worn steps, and make our way back again towards the town.

We have not walked many yards before we find ourselves moving again amongst the abodes of the dead. In every direction, wherever there is a vacant space or sufficient earth to cover a coffin, nothing but graves are visible. To a foreigner these are the most striking



LARGE BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

features in a Chinese landscape. One can never get away from the mighty dead. The hillsides are covered with them. They are so thickly packed that only the narrowest winding footpaths are permitted for those who have to traverse them, and these are often so invaded by the falling earth from the graves that they disappear, and the new roads wind over the top of the dead. One descends into the plain, and still the prominent object that meets the gaze is the grave. The living seem to be in constant dread of the dead, and to be

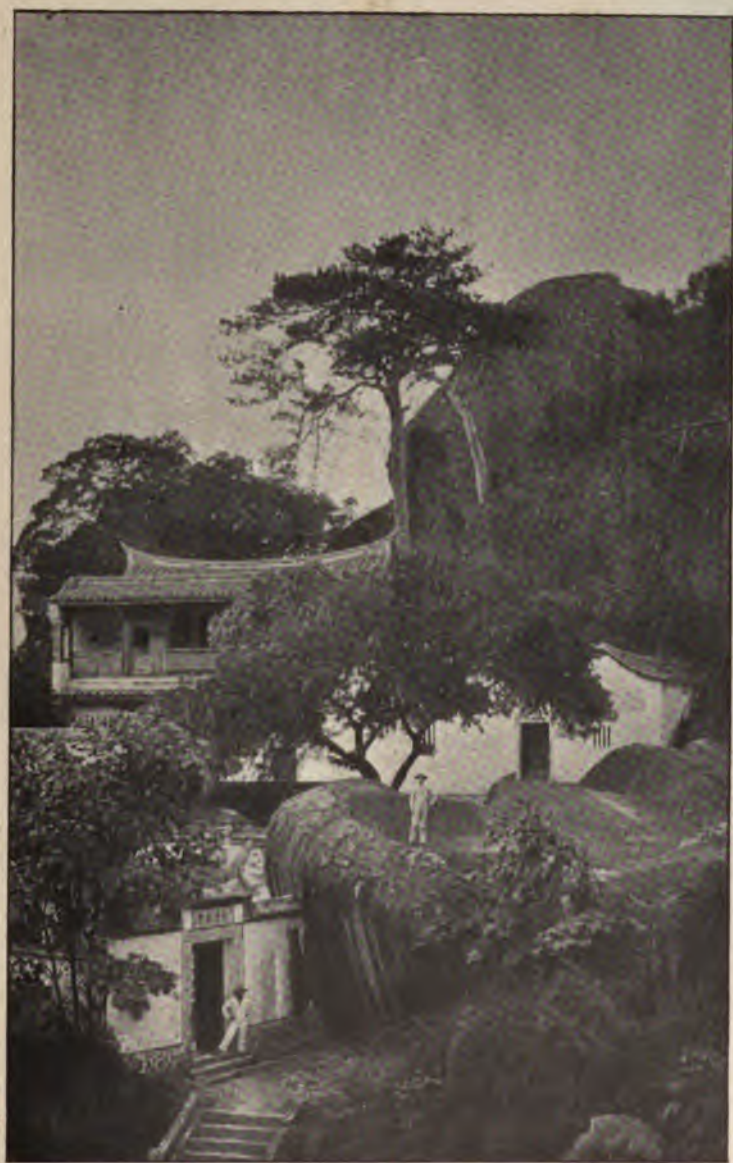
compelled to study in every possible way to avoid offending them, or drawing down their vengeance upon them.

A farmer has a rice field which Nature, in response to his marvellous skill in husbandry, clothes with abundant crops three times a year. It is a source of blessing to his family, which flock to it when the harvest time comes round, and gather with joy and with laughter the golden grain that is to bring plenty to the home. A relative dies, the geomancer is called to decide where he shall



A METHOD OF IRRIGATING THE RICE FIELDS

be buried. With his compass he views the scene, and after studying the lie of the land, and noting many other things that only the student of geomancy can understand, he declares that in order to avoid great sorrow in the future, and to obtain innumerable blessings upon the home, the departed must be buried in the very middle of this precious field. So great is the terror of the evils that may possibly come from disobeying any of the mysterious laws expounded by the geomancer, that no attempt is made to set aside his decision. The



TEMPLE OF TEN THOUSAND ROCKS.



required space is at once broken up, the grave is dug, the dead man is buried, and though the profits of the field are diminished, no complaint ever passes the lips of any one at the loss that his relatives have to bear



MEMORIAL ARCHES, AMOY.

indefinitely for the sake of the one who has thus permanently usurped the heritage of the living.

This extraordinary system of geomancy, or Fung-shuy, as it is called by the Chinese, is one that is very widely believed in by all classes of people. It is believed that underneath the ground there are certain spirits, but especially the dragon, having possession of these

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areas. The opening of the ground for a grave of these spirits, and they are inclined to resent causing unhappiness to the dead, and disasters to his nearest living relatives. In order to neutralize the baleful influences that would at once be set in there is a class of men who have studied this who profess not only to know the secrets of and to be able to calculate to a certainty where may be opened with impunity, but also how the people spirits may have their hearts so touched and that they shall be willing to dispense all kinds of blessings upon the immediate family of the

main family, for example, begins to be prosperous. A business, which has been drooping, suddenly turns into a money-making concern, and large profits are made, and gold flows into the home. Sons are born into the family, whereas hitherto, to the great disappointment of the parents, only daughters have appeared. Sons grow up, and distinguish themselves in the examinations, and finally become mandarins. These happy results are traced to the influence of

down deep into the earth would disturb that mysterious being they call the dragon, and sorrows innumerable, in the shape of fevers and pestilences, and declining trade, would be the result. A certain district, for example, is distinguished for the beauty of its stone, which might be utilized in many ways for building purposes. No chisel, however, may be laid upon it, and no quarry opened, for the first sound of the hammer would reverberate amongst the caverns where the spirits hide, and dire vengeance would at once be meted out, not simply upon the daring masons but also upon the whole district round about. The consequence is that the rocks are untouched, and when men near by wish to build they are compelled to go many miles away to purchase the stone from some other place, where long experience has proved that the rocks may be quarried with impunity.

The buildings in any Chinese city are ordinarily of pretty nearly the same height, and mainly consist of one storey. This is not accidental. The laws of Fungshuy demand that no house shall be greatly overtopped by another, lest the higher one, gathering to itself the geomantic forces that are supposed to be flying through the air, should bring calamities upon those in the neighbourhood, by causing deaths in the families or by the destruction of the trade in which they are engaged.

These are instances of the way in which this illogical and senseless custom operates throughout the country.

The coalfields of China are immense in their areas, and iron of the very best description is to be found in abundance throughout its eighteen provinces. The mineral wealth of the empire is enormous, and if properly worked and developed would enrich many a neighbourhood that now can hardly maintain its population. Geomancy has closed these sources of prosperity from the common use, and men are com-

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to spend their lives in a struggle with poverty, migrate to other lands where labour is more plentiful, whilst the sources of comfort and of plenty remain in the hills and on the plains on which their lives have passed.

Graves through which we are passing are countless in their numbers. Not hidden away in cemeteries, but not immediately catch the eye, the dead meet us at every step we take. We begin to think of the thousands of hosts that must be lying on these hillsides. The process of packing has been one that has been dictated by the necessities of the case. Some of these graves we see buried have a full length grave to them. The great majority, however, are confined to small limits. In order to protect the living from the pollution of the dead, it is the custom to take up the body after it has lain in the ground for about a year or two, and picking out the bones, which are all that are left of the dead, to place these in earthenware jars, which they bury in the ground, leaving the top to protrude somewhat, and to cover it over with white cement. By this plan

names and memories have vanished from the world. We look with awe upon a scene where so many myriads of our fellow-men lie in the last sleep of death; and when we think of how many such, and others very much more extensive than the one we are looking upon, exist throughout the empire, a profound impression seizes upon us that, judging from its dead alone, the population of China must be exceedingly great.



A CELEBRATED BRIDGE, TWENTY MILES FROM AMOY.

Wending our way down through this great necropolis, and in and out amongst the narrow streets of the suburbs, we once more come into the region of evil smells, which make one long for the healthy breezes on the hillside we have just left. How these people manage to live in such unhealthy conditions, and yet be so robust as they appear to be, is a mystery. Unlike the English, they never get a change. Autumn holidays are unknown to them, and no enterprising company

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anges for trips to some picturesque place on
de, or to the far-off hills in the interior. Year
year out they live in the same street, and
k into the same faces; and day after day they
n their work, with no Sunday to give them
to break in upon the incessant toil that makes
China one continuous round of weary labour.
y intervals in the year's monotonous drudgery
high days and festivals, when the best clothes
on, and the table is covered with a few extra
s, and kind words and happy wishes are
to the neighbours, who try and fancy that a
has come into their lives, and that joyous
nd poetic phrases must celebrate its advent.
poor the only day in all the year that the
closed is New Year's Day. All the rest of it
ters are down and the eternal grind goes on.
e a never-ending treadmill that weary steps
ver cease to ascend, for the wolf is standing
reet close by the very door, and with the least
the earnings of the family it will bound into
e, to bring sorrow and misery upon the brave
in tailors within. People who have no eyes



THE TIGER'S MOUTH TEMPLE.



men from their intolerable influence. It says to the working man, 'Rest. Every seventh day keep the shutters up and put business out of the mind, and go out of the dreary, dingy shops and meet your fellow-men in the church, and let the monotony of life be broken for this day at least.' In the interest of the working classes in heathen lands let the gospel be widely preached, for it will stay the eternal round of labour and give them new conceptions of life, and bring another world into their horizon that shall fill the present with hopes and joys that heathenism has never dreamt of.

Before leaving Amoy and passing on to another port, there is one thing peculiar to this place that must be spoken about, and that is its tiger-shooting, for which two gentlemen in the town have distinguished themselves. As we have said, the mountains of the mainland are infested with these animals, which are a source of terror to the people that live in the villages at their feet. Just as the sun has set and the twilight is growing into darkness, the cunning beasts descend with absolutely noiseless tread, and should any unhappy woman go out to draw water from the well, or should a farmer have lingered a little longer in his fields, they would have to pay the penalty of their rashness with their lives. They are immense brutes, splendidly formed and marked, and with prodigious strength and an appetite that seems insatiable. The country people are in absolute dread of them, for they have neither the courage nor the firearms to enable them to deal successfully with their terrible foe. The consequence is, that the tigers roam about with impunity, and carry off dogs and pigs, unless they can get human flesh, for which they seem to have a decided preference. The two gentlemen mentioned, Messrs. Bruce and Leyburn, have been positive benefactors in many a district, where their names are household words to-day. Many a home is

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with their praises, and many a heart is throbbing with gratitude for the men who have risked lives in the destruction of many of these public places which have fallen before their rifles. In some times men have been deified in China for less notable deeds rendered to their fellow-men, and their images are enshrined in temples and placed among the household gods of the present time, and worshipped by millions throughout the empire. Should the practice of these distinguished hunters be continued in the years to come, and should they happen to have their photographs in some of the hamlets that lie farthest to the hills where the tigers have their lairs, those who are acquainted with the habits of the simple people would not be surprised if they should find that these were stuck up in the village and venerated as the images of men who had shown a more than human courage in daring to face implacable foes that had wrought havoc amongst hundreds and fellow-men. The Chinese are in the habit of doing such things. It is recorded of Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveller, who occupied a

CHAPTER V

Swatow

Journey from Amoy to Swatow—Sea Scenes—Double Island—
Harbour of Swatow—The Native City—Scenes in the Town—
Crossing the Bay—Kakchio.

ON leaving Amoy, the steamer passes out of the harbour, which is a comparatively narrow one, between lines of vessels lying at anchor, and by junks running in with sails full set, and sampans crossing with their fares, till she enters the large bay that washes the shores of Amoy and those of the mainland some miles away in front. She then steams straight for Green Island, on which a lighthouse is situated for the guidance of ships wishing to enter by night, and gliding through the narrow channel that runs between it and the small islet close by, she soon finds herself at sea, and with the course set for Swatow down the Formosa Channel.

Immediately in our track lies Chapel Island, at a distance of about ten miles from the land. It is a solitary mass of rock that rises abruptly out of the water, a conspicuous object to the passing steamers and sailing vessels which converge at this point in their journey up and down the Formosa Channel. A first-rate lighthouse crowns its summit, and a more suitable place for a beacon light could not have been found on all the coast. It is a singular fact that there are three such islets, two of them very similar in shape, which are so situated that they form remarkable landmarks for the mariners sailing near the coast. The Chinese name for them is the Three Anchors, because, according to the laws of geomancy, they lie off the port of Amoy, and

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ing the storms that blow there, and facing the
that roll in from the channel, they prevent dis-
being hurled upon the place and the wreck and
of its prosperity. Just as the ship rides out the
held in its place by the anchors that have a firm
upon the bottom, so these bear the strain that the
forces of nature and the deep designs of evil
are always bringing on this city and its in-
ents. Two of these, Chapel Island and Dodd Island,
lighthouses on them. These are of inestimable
to the captains of steamers during the north-east
on, when gales fill the sea with mountain waves,
ships are compelled to creep along the shore in
to be able to make any headway on their journey

steamer sails close by Chapel Island, and its white
house seems to flash out a welcome to us, and to
us a pleasant journey as we travel south. The
is a very beautiful one. The sun, which is already
ing to dip behind the mountains on the mainland,
determined that his parting gifts to the world
be amongst his brightest and his best. The islands

of our ship, and breaks into a mass of foam ; then the white sheet of gleaming water becomes visible, but is instantly lost again as it sullenly subsides into the dark abyss. But looking back over the road we have travelled we can see a brilliant light far away in the darkness. Now it vanishes and the gloom becomes intense, and then it flashes out in a glorious blaze. It is the Chapel Island lighthouse which is thus sending across the waters its friendly signals to enable us and the ships that may be sailing near by, to steer the safe course and to avoid running on the rocks that lie off the coast, to touch which would be certain destruction, not only to the ship, but also perhaps to all on board.

As we travel on, the night gets darker and darker. The wind has been slowly rising till now it has grown into a gale. Dense masses of clouds flying terrified and disordered before the storm drape the heavens with a pall so dense that no light from the countless stars can penetrate it. The restless sea, catching the spirit of the wind, has leaped responsive to its call into mighty waves that toss our great ship about as though it were a plaything. Now we are hurled with giant force on to the very summit of one, and then the grip seems suddenly to be relaxed, and we are flying panting and sobbing, with the screw revolving with terrific speed in the air, down the side of the steep hill, till we find ourselves enveloped in foam and struggling in the seething waters in the valley below.

To a landsman the scene seems full of peril. Everything is wrapped in darkness. We strain our eyes to look through the gloom ahead, but there is nothing to be seen but a wall of total blackness. We grope our way along the slippery, reeling deck, and we hear the throbbing engines that with steady sustained beat are driving the steamer through the storm. We still creep along and climb the unsteady steps that lead to the bridge, and as we reach the top a fiercer gust of wind catches hold of us, and if we had not held on with might and main to

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on rail we should have been hurled back again on deck. The wind up here blows in more terrific and makes the scene more weird and awful. In the wheelhouse, we see the quartermaster with his eyes steadily fixed on the compass steering the ship. The officer of the watch, with a cheery, sunburnt face, greets us with a pleasant smile. We ask him if he is anxious on this dark and stormy night lest his ship be rushing upon some of the islets that lie far out from the mainland. 'Oh no!' he replies, with a sparkle in his eyes, and a laughing expression on his face. 'We are just as safe as though the sun were shining at midday and we could see miles away on every side. We took our bearings with the last look we had of Chapel Island light, and I could pick out on the dark sea the position we are in to within a very few yards. In a few hours more we shall catch sight of the Lam-pang light, and this will carry us till break of day, when it will soon be time to haul up and steer for the mainland.'

The storm still continues, and the waves, lashed into white foam, thunder against our ship so that she shakes and

in hills of spray over us to blot out the friendly light, we care not, for we know that no treacherous current has carried us out of our course to wreck us on a land that we thought was far away.

Still we travel on with the wind screaming overhead, and the sea in its wildest, maddest mood of excitement. Sometimes for a moment or two our ship would stand on even keel, as the last big wave swished by us in the dark, and then with a sudden mighty heave, as though ten thousand giants had seized her in their grasp, she was tossed over on her side, till her rail almost touched the water, and we had to hold on like grim death to avoid falling down the steep incline of the deck into the seething abyss below. After a moment's delay, which seemed like an age, the same mighty arms caught and flung us in the air, and with bows towering up and with stern deep in the dark waters we steadied ourselves as best we could, till the next great plunge should demand a change of attitude to save us from a fall.

By-and-by a sudden change in the atmosphere told us that daybreak was at hand. We could see no signs of sunrise as we tried to penetrate the darkness and catch sight of the place where the sun should first appear, and yet we knew his coming would not be long delayed. A master force had seemed to touch the world by which we were surrounded, and had dispelled the intense gloom in which we had been enveloped. It was still dark, but a messenger from the land of light had far outstripped the royal coming, and darkness, recognising that its lease of power was at an end, had shrunk before his presence and began to gather itself together for a hasty flight to lands that lay beyond. Quickly now the shadows lessened, and the vessel that had been shrouded in gloom became visible from stem to stern. The islands one by one appeared to rise up out of the ocean. The eastern sky, flushed with palest colours at first, was ere long dyed with deepest hue of crimson bands that stretched across the horizon. Higher rose the sun, and more glorious

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the colours that transformed the floating clouds, and that tinted the distant mountains on the land, whose tops and sides could be seen shining with gilded and burnished gold.

After daybreak the course of our ship was changed, and we found ourselves steering directly for the land. From this time our journey is exceedingly pleasant. The wind has died away with the coming of dawn, and now the sea has become so smooth that we can stand on deck without having to hold on, or to guard against being pitched over the side. Objects of interest continually claim our attention. Fishing boats of every number are speeding away with flowing sails to their fishing grounds. A large steamer, straight out of England, and with the air of home-land still clinging to her, dashes by us, filling our hearts with thoughts of friends there, and calling up memories of days of boyhood and of scenes that shall never be obliterated from our thoughts. Soon we are steaming by the island of Hainan, and heading for the entrance to our port, where we can now be seen immediately ahead of us. Not far away is the Gulf of Tonkin, and the Gulf of

and in spite of the utmost struggles of the screw bear her towards the hidden rocks, which it once she touches, her fate is sealed, for she will soon lie a helpless wreck on the pitiless shore.

Double Island has a picturesque look, as it stands at the entrance of the harbour. There is a lighthouse on it, and a number of bungalows that have been built by the residents of Swatow. These are utilized during the extreme heat of the summer months, when life becomes almost unbearable in the town. Lying far out towards the sea, and having in most parts a considerable elevation, the full force of the south-west monsoon is felt on this island, and consequently the temperature is somewhat lower than it is further up the bay, where the wind loses a good deal of its power and freshness. We observe that the houses are placed in positions where every breath of air shall pass around them, so that the weary inmates shall find some relief from the scorching heat of the sun. The summer in Southern China is something very different from the beautiful season that every one looks forward to with pleasure in England. In the latter its coming is hailed with delight, for it is filled with visions of ripening corn, and luscious fruits, and sunny skies, and long balmy days, and seaside trips, and country excursions, and profusion of flowers. In the former, the thought of the summer brings with it feelings of sorrow, for the pictures it too often suggests are long days of heat when the sun is like a ball of fire, and nights in which the breeze dies down, and the air, hot as though it had passed over a furnace, drives sleep away, and brings clouds of mosquitos, that, revelling in the sultry room, sing their hideous song the livelong night. The mind too is haunted with vague possibilities of what the long weary months may bring in the shape of disease. Summer is the time when this holds its revels in the land, and fever seizes its victims and parches them with its fiery touch, and maladies whose very names have an evil

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about them stalk through the country, and yearly
off their countless victims.

Without doubt there are other things in this beautiful land
which act as a charm to those that have lived long in
it, and make them forget the sorrows that come with
age and great heat. In this southern region there are no
frequent storms of snow and sleet, and few days of dreary
and long cold, when fog and clammy mists lie upon the
land and hide the sun from view. When December
comes around, it is not kept with closed doors, and win-
dows tightly fastened, and roaring fires to keep the icy
chill out. The doors are flung wide open, that the
wind may wander where it will throughout the house.

On the wide verandahs on which the sun's beams are
streaming through the open venetians, camellias and
anthemums and other semi-tropical plants, that
cannot bear the heat of summer, are putting forth
beautiful flowers in richest luxuriance. Around
the arch, creepers with gayest green, and cups exqui-
sitely formed and painted as if with the choicest colours
nature could devise, wind in the most graceful
and reflect back the rays that are lavishly poured

sponse to the labour of man, have an irresistible charm such as no experience of heat or the sorrows incident to an Eastern climate can ever entirely dispel.

Almost immediately after passing Double Island, we emerge into an open sheet of water about a mile in width, along the centre of which our steamer proceeds to the town of Swatow, which is some four or five miles further in. This inland lake would seem to be a most admirable harbour, in which any number of ships could lie in perfect safety during the wildest gale that ever blew, or when the fierce typhoons, which often visit this port, rage with unspeakable fury along the coast. It is not really so, however; for extensive as it looks, there is only a comparatively narrow space down the middle of it that is available for the use of ships. Both sides for some little distance from the shores are shallow, and can be utilized only by native boats.

The side next to the right bank has the additional disadvantage of being positively dangerous, in consequence of the rocks that are scattered over it, and that would imperil the existence of any ship that might have the misfortune to strike upon them. Whilst, therefore, this long expanse of water would seem to be exceedingly beneficial to the shipping that resort to this port, it has so many dangers connected with it that strangers never enter it with the confidence they do into the splendid and capacious harbour of Amoy.

Our steamer, under the skilful guidance of our captain, who has been sailing on the coast for many years, passes along safely, past hidden rocks and along the borders of waters that seem deep enough to allow her to pass over, but which he knows are so shallow that but a few yards' deviation from the course he is now taking would put her high and dry on a submerged mud-bank. By-and-by we reach the confines of the port, and find ourselves amongst the sailing ships anchored at various distances from the shore. Foreign-built houses too, situated along the left bank, show

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are coming within the region of what might be called the foreign settlement. Still on we speed, and the Chinese town becomes more conspicuous, bringing this and coming down to the water's edge the business houses of the Europeans, and the wharves, alongside of which steamers are busily engaged in taking in and discharging cargo.

It is a busy scene, and full of interest. Chinese junks with sails of a pattern different from those a few miles away, are beating into the harbour against a westerly wind, which, however, cannot stay their progress, for the tide is strong, and it is carrying them readily in. Steam launches are passing and returning in that quick, fussy way characteristic of them; and wonderful to say, a passage boat, crammed with passengers, steams by us for some port in the distance.

She is different from the ordinary clumsy sampans that for ages have carried the country folk from their quiet villages at the foot of the hills, that we see in the morning sun, to this big town on the coast. How contented they were with the dreary monotonous journeys that often had to be made, and how



SWATOW.



steamer's head must be brought round before she could be anchored in safety, the helm was put down, and soon she began to curve round, till the mountains that lay ahead gradually moved their position, and we could see them slowly settling behind us. We then moved in and out amongst the steamers that had reached the harbour before us, and drawing what seemed to us perilously near to the shore, we were fastened to a buoy, and our journey was at an end.

No sooner does the throb of the engines cease, and the screw lie still in the water, than sampans draw up alongside, and a man from each is quickly on deck, anxious to take us on shore. Wishing to explore the interesting sights there, we put ourselves under the guidance of a pleasant-faced young fellow, who knows a little English, and who has promised to conduct us through the town. We find, however, that the things worth seeing are really very few. We land at one of the wharves, where a steamer just in from Shanghai is unloading her cargo. The sight is a very interesting one, and gives us a very good idea of the sturdy character of the Chinese coolies, and of the dogged, determined way in which they engage in the most arduous and fatiguing duties. They look very much like the same class of men that are employed on the wharves in Shanghai, only they are slighter in build. They are not inferior, however, to them in physical strength nor in the amount of work they can accomplish. On they come at a trot, with a cheery look on their faces; and with shouts, to warn any that may be in their way, they dash on into the godowns where the goods are to be stored. As soon as their burdens have been laid down, they turn their steps back again to the steamer, and soon they are seen filing into her in one continuous line, from whence they again emerge with new loads, and thus keep up the endless circuit till the steamer gradually rises up out of the water, and the sound of the winches ceases, and the great cranes stop their

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labours because there is nothing more for them

by are the places of business of the foreign
ts that are carrying on trade in Swatow. They
and insignificant when compared with the
mansions of the great northern port; but a
excuse for this is that the trade of this place
as compared with that of the former, and
efore a smaller staff and less extensive pre-
re quite enough for the requirements of the
Close by is the custom house, that receives
es collected from foreign ships, the whole
being under the control of foreign gentlemen,
e under the general superintendence of Sir
Hart, the Inspector-General, in Peking. This
is quite distinct from the native one, where
es levied on Chinese goods carried in junks
ected, and which is in charge of mandarins
ed by the Imperial Government. It has been
y practical experience that it is unsafe to
uch large sums as are annually paid by the
of foreign nations to pass through the hands

distinguished doctor has spread, not only through the city close by, but also far into the interior, where thousands of men and women who have been treated successfully in it think with grateful hearts of their deliverance from diseases that the imperfect medical knowledge of the Chinese is helpless to cope with. A visit to it would at once convince any one of the benefit of Christian missions. Here are men from distant villages suffering from diseases of the eye. With some, inflammation is at work, and with others cataracts have obscured the vision, whilst others again are hopelessly blind, and will never see the light of heaven again. These have heard of the wonderful power of the doctor in helping men afflicted with diseases that seemed absolutely incurable, and so they have come, in the hope that he will be able to restore their vanished sight. There are fully two hundred people gathered here with a great variety of diseases for which China knows no remedy, the great majority of which will yield to the treatment of Dr. Lyall. Who can estimate the amount of human happiness that this hospital has been and will be the means of bringing to countless homes throughout the country, that are constantly sending up their sick to it to be cured? The husband will return to the family he has left in such sorrow, in complete health, and the wife, whose life had been despaired of, shall be given back to her husband and children. The son, broken down by sickness and brought to the very verge of the grave, will hasten back with his old elastic step to the home he hardly ever expected to see again, and once more will do his share of the toil that is to keep the family from sinking into poverty. They will all leave this, to them a wondrous institution, where a further lease of life has been bestowed upon them, with pleasanter thoughts of the foreigner and with new conceptions both in regard to the present world and to that which is beyond.

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very far from the foreign residences stretches the great city of Swatow. It does not differ very much from the town of Amoy in general appearance. It bears a very close resemblance to every other town in the empire. The narrow streets, the bad pavements, the terrible odours that one can never get rid of, the badly paved, uneven streets, and the signs and symbols, are the signs and symbols of almost every town within the limits of the eighteen provinces. The first glimpse we catch from the street we have eventually convinces us that we are in a Chinese

town. There is a steady tread of passengers along the narrow streets and a good-natured yielding to each other when the crowd becomes more dense, that makes things run smoothly and very smoothly. Indeed, without infinite small and good humour collisions that might result in serious rows would be inevitable. One is struck by the fact, in walking through such a town as this, that one meets with very few cases of disturbance. There is no question but that the law-abiding instinct of the Chinese is a very profound and a very deep-seated

control of such to the community of which they form a part.

In consequence of this the dwellers in each street combine to prevent any serious disorder taking place within their limits, for they know that to permit such would bring them within the clutches of the mandarins, who would be only too glad of any excuse to extract money out of them. A man, for example, is murdered during the dead of night, and next morning, when the people come to take down their shutters, the body is found lying close beside one of the shop doors. The utmost consternation is felt by the unhappy man near whose premises the dead man is discovered, for the whole responsibility for this death will be thrown upon him, and most serious will be the pecuniary loss in which he will be involved before this tragic business is finally settled. News of the murder is at once carried to the mandarin, who despatches his runners to investigate the case, and to apprehend the shopkeeper. Sundry bribes have to be administered to these, to delay their seizure, and to incline them to make a report that will put the matter in as favourable a light as possible.

In the meanwhile the difficulties of the case are aggravated by the appearance of the relatives of the murdered man, who invade the shop with loud wailing and lamentations, and demand an exorbitant sum as blood-money. It is in vain that the unhappy shopkeeper protests that he had nothing to do with the death of the man who lies covered with matting on the spot where the body was found, none daring to remove it until an inquest has been held upon it, and terms have been come to in regard to the amount of compensation to be paid. The friends are not prepared to listen to a defence of this kind. They declare that the body was found on his premises, and they are not at all sure but that he is the guilty party, and that he is the author of the foul play that has deprived their relative of his life. He has no reply to this, except to reiterate that he and his family

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sleep in their beds, and that they are in the most ignorance of how the murder happened, or who the culprits were that struck the fatal blow. He is powerless to do anything, aware that this is no conclusive answer to the question in which he is placed. The body was on his mind, and inexorable custom holds him responsible. In a time of perplexity and increasing worry; all his activity is suspended. Runners keep coming to and fro, demanding for money. Some of the higher officials expect that a seasonable present to themselves would win their active sympathy in the settlement of the case, and the relatives hover about the place, telling their tales to the passers-by, and demanding exorbitant sums of money from them for the loss of the man who lies unburied on the roadside. At length arbitration is set to work, and after noisy, wordy discussions, in which the poor man has to defend himself from the greed and accusations of his accusers, the matter is settled, and for a long day he feels the effects of the exactions that have been made upon him, in his diminished capital and weakened circumstances.

In the eyes of the Englishmen this seems a very absurd and a

quences of the wrong-doing of the dishonest ones. The fact that the greatest good is secured to the greatest number ought, it is thought, to reconcile those that suffer unjustly to the losses which they are for the time being called upon to endure.

But it is now time to leave the city with its densely crowded population, and its narrow streets, where it would seem that no pure air could ever wander, and come out once more into the open space outside the town, where the blue sky and the mountains in the distance, with the glory of this Eastern sun filling them with an unspeakable beauty, can be seen. As we get nearer and nearer to the sea, we seem to have come into another world. The wind is from the sea, and there is a freshness about it as it comes laden with ozone from the waves, that sparkle in the sun, and that dash into the harbour, as though they were running a race with the strong breeze that is blowing down it.

Our appearance at the water's edge is the signal for a good-natured contest between the numerous boatmen that are waiting to carry passengers to Kakchio, the land we see picturesquely situated on the opposite side of the bay. The long bamboo poles with which each boat is supplied are incontinently seized, and soon quite an array of boats is poled up to the jetty, each captain entreating us in the loudest tones he can yell out to step on board his boat and see how soon we shall be ferried across. Amused with the comedy that is being played before us, and not anxious to have it stopped, we appear to hesitate and to be in doubt as to which boat we shall select. Upon this the noise increases, and the faces of the men show all the play and passion that intensity of purpose can produce. They bawl and gesticulate, and some even, touched by a sense of humour, smile and show those beautiful white teeth for which these boatmen are distinguished. At length, conscious that we have tried the patience of the expectant, anxious men to the fullest extent, we rush on board the boat we have

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ing had in our eye, and in a moment we have
out into the tide, and the oars are bending be-
the sturdy arms of our men, who have settled
steadily to their work.

ave not got far from the land before we discover
r trip across will be no mere pleasure one. The
which has been rising within the last half-hour, has
ned and inflamed the waves which before tossed
hite crests in the exuberance of their fun, that
ve now become excited with a strong and sullen
that makes them surge by with the sound of
in their voice. The tide too is fierce, for it is
he time of the full moon, and it seems to have
the spirit of the breeze that screams overhead,
its masterful way it would try issues with the
to see which shall come out the conqueror. Our
eanwhile is tossed up and down by the increas-
, and we are wet with the spray that is showered
s. Every force seems to be opposed to our on-
progress, and we look helplessly upon the point of
e would reach, for it seems to glide away from
the strong tide, seizing hold of our keel, drifts us

dashes with a wild bound ahead. The scene has now become quite exciting. With every fresh blast our boat heels over to such an extent that the water boils and foams over the gunwale, whilst we have to hold on to keep ourselves from being thrown into the sea. We look with anxious eyes to see whether our sail is bringing us nearer our destination, when we find that the points of land that seemed before to be slipping away from us have become stationary, and are awaiting our approach to them. Slowly but surely we forge ahead. The waves become less boisterous as we come within the influence of the land, and the tide, as if weary of its contest, begins to slacken. We dash on with increased speed, and with content in our hearts and smiles upon the bronzed faces of our boatmen, who have shown consummate skill in the management of their boat, we glide out of the troubled water into the smooth little haven that the stone jetty has made beside the shore.

We are charmed with the view that presents itself as we land from the boat, and walk along the pleasant road that runs close by the beach. There is a freshness in the atmosphere and a beauty about the rugged hills that rise abruptly before us, that make us feel how superior this side of the water is to the one we have recently left. There are no evil smells and no rude sounds, such as the busy city on the other side of the bay is constantly familiar with. The foreigners have been wise in selecting this locality as the place where they shall reside when the business of the day across the water is over.

Some very fine and spacious dwelling-houses have been built in Kakchio. Here is one belonging to the Commissioner of Customs. It is well worthy of the service to which it belongs. It shows that Sir Robert Hart has determined that the Custom House high officials shall not only have every necessary comfort in the houses provided for them, but they shall also never need to be ashamed of them, as not being in keeping with the

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able position they are called to occupy. Evidently no expense has been spared to make this house a thoroughly comfortable family residence. It has a substantial appearance, whilst the grounds have been laid out with the greatest care and taste, and the various objects of all kinds lend an additional charm to the place.

We climb the hill, and as we ascend higher and higher, the view that rises before us is an exceedingly pretty one. Seaward we can see in the distance the land of the island of Namoa, whilst across the water of the same name, the hills which insensibly grow into mountains fill up the background with forms as ever Nature in her wildest moods dreamed of creating. Joining on to these, and stretching to the west, the horizon consists of ranges of mountains that seem to have been placed there for the express purpose of letting the sun play his daily dramas upon lofty summits ere he bids good-bye to the world he has to leave in darkness. At the foot of these can be seen the gleam of the waters that, parted into many bays, capes and promontories and islands of varied shapes, come miniature lakes, where fishermen cast their



KAKCHIO, SWATOW.



The business of this port is of considerable extent, and steamers and sailing vessels and native junks anchored in its harbour testify to the large amount of commerce that is carried on here. There is a direct trade with Shanghai and Newchwang that necessitates the use of a large number of steamers. This is found to be so considerable that several companies find it profitable to send their ships regularly here. Bean cake, which is largely used by the farmers of the region around as a manure, is brought in large quantities from Newchwang, whilst sugar, which is produced from the sugar-canes that grow luxuriantly in the immediate neighbourhood and in the interior, is exported to the towns in the north, as well as sent to Hong-Kong to be refined.

The climate of Swatow must be a trying one. Though very little further south than Amoy, it has disadvantages as compared with that port that make it a less comfortable place of residence for foreigners. It is not directly on the seaside, and consequently the monsoon wind that blows from the sea is not only more spent by the time it reaches the town, but it is also warmer, for it must pass over the land that lies at the mouth of the harbour before it can reach the place where the foreign residents live.

The result is that life is rendered very uncomfortable during the hot months, and so, to mitigate some of the miseries that are almost inevitable during those times, people migrate to Double Island, where the breeze is stronger and more refreshing. In spite of all these disadvantages, Swatow has a charm for those who have made it their home, and they speak with enthusiasm of the pleasures to be found in it during the cooler season, when the great heat has passed away and the northerly winds begin to blow.

That this port is a most pleasant place to call at, as one is travelling up the coast, is a fact that those who have done so will readily acknowledge; but the pleasure



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a visit is derived mainly from the very courteous
amiable people one meets with. The recollection
of the kindness with which one is treated by them is
something that long lingers in the minds of those who
have experienced it.

CHAPTER VI

Hong-Kong

Voyage from Swatow—Hong-Kong—Scenes in the Harbour—Queen's Road—Shops Described—Banks—City Hall—Cricket Ground—Public Gardens—On the Way to Happy Valley—Scenes by the Way—Crowded Tenements and Causes of Disease—Happy Valley—Chair Coolies and their Loyal Services to the Englishman—The Peak—The Tramway—A Street in the Town—Street Scenes.

AFTER leaving Swatow, to proceed on our way to Hong-Kong, we rapidly pass by Double Island, and keeping the land for some distance closely on our right we round the Cape of Good Hope, on which the white lighthouse gleams pleasantly. As the land beyond this trends in a south-westerly direction, our ship's course is slightly altered, so that we find ourselves running along parallel with the shore. From this point the character of the coast becomes completely changed. The hills, which have thus far approached closely towards the sea, now recede further into the distance, and are replaced by extensive plains. After proceeding for some distance, we suddenly catch sight of a tall, chimney-like structure that shoots up from the sandy beach close to the sea. This is the famous Breaker Point lighthouse, which is of inestimable value to captains sailing up and down this dangerous coast. By day it acts as a beacon to warn the passing steamers that treacherous rocks and hidden sand-banks lie stealthily in wait near by, and by night it casts its friendly beam far into the darkness, telling the storm-tossed mariner that the land has no shelter for him. Safely past this dangerous

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ere many a gallant ship, drawn, as it were, to the shore by a fatal fascination, has been shattered, we stand on the beach, catching only now and again a glimpse of the sea, catching only now and again a glimpse of the off mountains. The shore soon becomes hazy in the distance, and there is nothing to be seen except the fishing fleets, which have ventured far out to their favourite fishing grounds. It is interesting to see how beautifully these boats are managed. They come in pairs, separated from one another by about a hundred yards, dragging the net by ropes attached to the bows of the boats. Watch two of them as they haul this great drag-net. The sea is high and lashed into huge waves by the wind that is blowing half a gale. One of the waves comes over our breath as some gigantic billow, white with foam, rushes with tumultuous force madly up against the boat, and we expect to see it swamped before our eyes. The sea has to deal, however, with men who know its every mood and passion, and can meet its fury with a skill that baffles its utmost fury. The fisherman crouches in the stern with his hand on the tiller, his eye watching the coming sea. When the moment arrives the boat's head is eased off, and with a slight movement of the helm, whilst she herself



HONG-KONG AS SEEN FROM THE PEAK.



which, from its shape and height, may well be taken at the distance for a vessel in full sail.

After distance has once more transformed this into the semblance of a junk, and it has finally sunk with all its sails set below the horizon, the mainland becomes more distinct, and islets innumerable start up along the coast, giving it a variety and picturesqueness that are exceedingly agreeable to the traveller, who is weary of the monotony of ocean life. Further on the wind goes down, and the waves die away till the sea is like an immense mill-pond. We now come upon fishing-boats that differ very considerably from those we passed before. They are so constructed that the families owning them can make them a permanent abode. Here is one that has its nets put out, and is lazily moving up and down on the top of the swell rolling in from the ocean. An elderly man sits smoking a pipe, whilst his son is busy sorting the fish that were caught in the last haul of the net. In the stern of the boat, which serves as kitchen and sitting-room, the wives of the two fishermen are engaged in preparing the family meal. A young lad seven or eight years old is trying to help his father with the fish, whilst a child that is just able to toddle about walks with unsteady gait on the narrow strip available for him on deck. It seems a perilous place for one so young, but keen eyes are watching him, and his mother's hands are ready to rescue him in case of need. How so large a family can live with comfort in so narrow and confined a space is a mystery that does not seem to perplex these people, for they have spent their life in just such a boat as this, and their fathers too for many generations before them.

Amidst the maze of islets and creeks that we see ahead of us, we at length make out the passage we are to take which will lead us into Hong-Kong. The island of Waglan, with its new lighthouse, appears on our left, and Cape D'Aguiar is right in front of us. Our ship's head is now turned towards the high land that rises

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on our right, and in a few minutes we are in the Moon Pass, whose calm waters remind one of a lake, and whose sides, bounded by the mountains of Hong-Kong on one side, and by the hills of the mainland on the other, remind us of the romantic scenery of the highlands of Scotland. Beyond the pass we find ourselves within the region of the port, where are large steamers lying at anchor. One of these is unloading shipping kerosene oil cases from lighters, which were brought them here as a matter of safety, the load of such oil not being allowed within the harbour.

As we steam on, the sugar refinery is passed, and now the harbour opens up to view. Right before us are long lines of steamers, with here and there some sailing ships, and the Peak of Hong-Kong, gleaming under the rays of the sun, with patches of mist lazily drifting below it, and down upon the scene, as though it were the proud guardian of the whole.

The island of Hong-Kong was occupied by the English in 1842. This was not done in consequence of any pre-arranged plan, for at the time the English popula-

The English officers under the new *régime* refused to do this, and the Chinese were as determined that they should. It was now a question which side should prove the victor, and, knowing the character of the two strong races that were struggling together, it would not have been difficult to predict that the question would be finally decided on the battlefield. The mandarins, to show their power, treated the English with extreme rudeness, and vexatious, unnecessary rules were laid down for the carrying on of trade. In the meanwhile the difficulties of the case had been immensely increased by those who were engaged in the smuggling of opium, the profits of which were so enormous that unprincipled men, with heavily armed boats and crews ready to fight for their cargoes, were constantly coming into conflict with the Chinese revenue cruisers. At length things arrived at such a pass that the Emperor despatched Commissioner Lin with full powers to investigate the case and to put down the opium traffic.

The selection of this man was a most unfortunate one. He was a typical Chinaman, full of contempt for the barbarian, and with exaggerated ideas of the power and supremacy of China. His business, he believed, was not to conciliate, but to compel the English to a humble submission to the imperial will. He was fully convinced that the whole difficulty had been caused by the venality and weakness of the authorities in Canton, who had been too easy and lenient in their dealings. With these thoughts working in his mind during his long journey across the empire from Peking to Canton, it may easily be imagined how stringent were the orders he issued to the refractory English. Finding that these were disregarded, and that the men appointed by the Queen to represent her in China still demanded that they should have the right to correspond with the authorities on equal terms, he determined to bring them to their senses, and show them that the only rights they possessed were those which the venal mandarins of Canton were

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to give them, or which the gracious condescension Emperor bestowed upon them. As he was perceived that the opium was an important factor in this, he decided to deal with that in a way that effectually remove it from the field of controversy. In carrying out of his stern purpose of destroying opium and of leaving no trace of it in China, he ordered the foreigners in their factories in Canton, and made them prisoners for over six weeks (March 18-1839), until 20,283 chests were delivered over to him. During that time no communication with the outside world was allowed. Chinese troops were massed at Canton, whilst men-of-war junks patrolled the river in the neighbourhood. All servants were ordered to leave their employment, and no native was allowed to bring water to any of the imprisoned foreigners. After the seizure of the opium and the return of freedom, the foreigners felt that Canton was no safe place for them to carry on their trade, and it was determined to migrate to Macao, and make that the centre of trade, instead of Canton. At first the Portuguese governor received them with great cordiality, and promised them protection, but



PEDDER'S WHARF, HONG-KONG.



the safe and commodious reception of so large a fleet. Here they remained, awaiting the development of events. The island off which they lay was one of the largest to be found off the coast of the province of Canton. It is eight miles broad, nine miles long, and twenty-six in circumference, and was then inhabited by a Chinese population of about two thousand people, very poor and illiterate, and subsisting by fishing, cutting stone for the building of houses on the mainland, and by agriculture. Its conformation showed that it was never destined to become a place of importance, and had not the English, or some other Western power, taken possession of it and made it a centre of business, it would have remained very much like many of the other islands that one sees on the coast of China. It was bold and rugged, consisting of ranges of hills, with narrow ravines between each, but the whole surface so uneven that it was impossible to cultivate enough to support any large population.

The most extensive part of the comparatively level land existed where the native village then was built, and on which the town of Victoria to-day flourishes. The extent of arable land is so small that all supplies to-day have to be brought to Hong-Kong from the mainland across the bay, or from districts in the further interior. Opposite Hong-Kong lies the peninsula of Kowloon. This was then held by the hostile forces of Lin, determined to harass the English in their efforts to establish a new centre, where they might without continual friction with the Chinese authorities carry on their commercial pursuits. After a series of eventful incidents, Hong-Kong was first of all ceded to England by a treaty made between the Imperial Commissioner Ki-Shen and Captain Elliot, in 1841, and again by the treaty of Nanking, in 1842; whilst Kowloon was recognised by the Chinese Government in the treaty of Tientsin, in 1861, as forming part of the colony of Hong-Kong.

The view of the Hong-Kong of to-day from the deck

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steamer as she winds her way amongst the crowd
ing is striking and picturesque. To those who
the history of the place, it gives an exalted opinion
men and of the race who have so transformed the
d rocky island. In 1839 it could barely sustain
ives of a few scattered villages. To-day it shows
nificant town of Victoria, adorned by buildings
the residences of princes, and containing a Chinese
ion of two hundred and fifty thousand, with a
one, including the army and navy, of fully ten
d.

picture is also vividly and distinctly mapped out
one's vision. The conformation of the land is of
assistance in this respect. Almost from the water's
begins to slope gradually upwards to the sides of
at frowning Peak. In order to meet the demand
ses of the rapidly increasing population, every spot
n utilized. Not only have the lower ground and
side been built upon, but the far-up spots near the
iffs have been seized and transformed by the art
so that beautiful residences, looking as if the
st of the typhoon would dash them into the great



VIEW OF HONG-KONG FROM KOWLOON.



more adventurous than the rest, are perched on lofty points that jut out from the rugged face of the hill, or placed perilously on some abutting shoulder.

It is, however, only after the sun has set and complete darkness has enshrouded the town and the mountain that one gets an adequate idea of how charmingly Hong-Kong is situated. No sooner does the daylight become dim than the town assumes an entirely different aspect. Lights flash from the water's edge up the roads that lead to the foot of the great overhanging cliffs. They spread from street to street, and mark them so that their course can be distinctly traced to the point where they are lost behind some rising ground. By-and-by, as the shadows become blacker, the houses suddenly appear from out the haze within which they had concealed themselves, and from the margin of the sea up to the highest points on which adventurous builders have perched their dwellings innumerable lights, like myriad stars, sparkle and glisten from out the darkness. The town now gives one the impression that a great illumination is in progress in celebration of some joyous event. We gaze upon the scene with rapture, for its beauty does not fade: the lights shine on hour after hour as brightly as at first. The more we look the more it seems like a fairy enchantment that after a time will prove to be unreal, and vanish from our sight, leaving only the memory of a beautiful vision.

But picturesque as is the view of the city, the scene that spreads before us on the bay is in some respects more interesting still. Here all is life and bustle. Behold a passenger launch that has just started for Kowloon! With a great scream that startles us she rushes past our stern, her deck packed with Chinese passengers, who seem to prefer this civilized method of crossing to the more tedious sampan. Away she flies, screaming incessantly, winding her way through mazes of shipping, now in front of some great steamer, and now just missing a junk that with huge sail has

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before the strong breeze into the harbour. And we turn our eyes away from her a large sam-boat that plies for hire, comes alongside and to be hired.

There is ample room for half a dozen passengers in the boat. Behind is the accommodation for the family who live on the boat. There is an elderly woman, with her son and daughter-in-law and two children. The youngest is but a little toddling thing, and a rope is tied to its collar so that if it happens to tumble overboard it can easily be recovered. They are a jolly, healthy-looking family, considering the limited space in which their lives are passed. They seem happy enough. From early dawn till late at night they are on the look-out for fares, and no one is allowed to interfere with their earnings, except the boatman. At one time one cooks the rice another of the party can be seen to wash the boat. All these crafts, of which there are many in the harbour, are compelled to take out a licence, and each one has its number nailed in a conspicuous part. But now a passenger has gone down into the boat, the son hoists the sail, and his wife pushes off with the bamboo pole, whilst the mother takes the helm.



JINRICKSHAW AND SEDANS.



her flag fluttering in the breeze and strains of music proceeding from the band on her quarter-deck.

Hardly has she reached her anchorage when the Empress of Japan's great bell rings out rapidly, announcing that in a few minutes she will start on her journey to Vancouver, and warning visitors to leave at once for shore. What a magnificent steamer she is! and in her brilliant white paint what an object to attract attention, even in this extensive, crowded harbour! She is a vessel of great power, and built with special reference to the nature of the journey she has to undertake. One can see that she is no mere pleasure boat. A great part of the year she has to voyage over tempestuous seas, when the ocean, tossed and torn by fierce, terrific blasts, flies in very terror before the spirit of the wind. Then woe betide any weakling craft, for no thought of pity ever enters the heart of those green seething monsters, that, in their hurry to escape the storm, crash over and dash into a thousand pieces everything less weak than themselves. The vessel lies now swinging with the ebb tide as peacefully as though she had never known a storm in all her life, and our wonder is how, in the narrow artery in which she lies, she can turn her huge bulk around so as to proceed out to sea. While we look the mystery is solved. The visitors are still streaming down her sides into launches, and steamboats, and sampans, alive with fluttering handkerchiefs and waving hands, when we notice her head begin slowly to swing round. In a few moments the great mass that seemed beyond the power of man to move is gliding gracefully from her moorings, and with a farewell from her shrieking syren has commenced her long voyage to Vancouver.

But it is time now for us to go on shore, and examine more closely the beautiful fairy-like city that winds along the low grounds and up the hillside. We take our seats in a sampan, the owners of which have been

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g us for some time with that dogged, determined
so characteristic of the Chinese. Up goes the
away we fly under the stern of this man-of-
cross the bows of a merchantman, where the tide
g like a mill-stream against the cables, close
e a cargo boat, and then, with a hiss and a rush
rs, as a puff of wind heels us over, we fly up
etty, when, just at the proper moment, the sail
and the boat-hooks cling tightly to the landing-

first figure that catches our eye is a very in-
g one. It is a Punjabee policeman, placed here
erve order, and to see that no disturbance or
g takes place when steam launches or passage
approach to take in or land passengers. With his
uniform and red turban, his black eyes flashing
his erect gait and soldierly air, for the moment
rbs our attention. As we stand and look at him
natured smile lights up his dark features, and,
we cannot speak to each other, we feel that a
kindly feeling draws us together. We are
is, however, that, in spite of his pleasant ex-

picturesqueness and magnificence to the Shanghai Bund, but possesses more concentration of energy and power. Being narrower, the crowds seem greater, and as they press more closely upon each other they have the appearance of being driven onward by an intensity of purpose. To a new-comer the scene is an exceedingly interesting one. On the causeways, which the frowning peaks above sternly command to be narrow, the English



PEDDER'S WHARF AND THE CLOCK TOWER, HONG-KONG.

and Chinese move along side by side, or in diverging currents which come so closely together that both art and good temper are required to prevent collision. See! here is an Englishman, with his fair face, and blue eyes, and brown hair, with the air of the home-land still, in our imagination, upon him. How strong and manly he looks as he swings along! The difference of race comes markedly out when we contrast him

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men who crush by him, and whose ancestry
back to a time when England had no place on the
its people were naked and untamed savages.
Englishman is the last embodiment of the civili-
of the West, and we are apt to look with con-
on his fellow pedestrians. Yet the latter have
ements of power about them. They are sturdy
ad-shouldered. They have a firm tread, and
they may be lacking in the culture of the
they are the descendants of men who have had
instincts, and who have built up an empire
its roots far back in an impenetrable past.
e nature of the land, the streets of Hong-Kong
ned in horizontal lines, one above the other,
from east to west, with others intersecting
right angles from the sea to the mainland.
no room for those intricate, winding ways that
ne in great cities. The cross streets, especially
western parts of the town, are precipitous, and
cases it tries the nerves of those whose heads
e of the strongest to descend from the higher
own the steep causeway and numerous steps



WELLINGTON STREET, HONG-KONG.



terials will be found stored up in the capacious godowns to satisfy every demand. Should a man require a suit of clothes, he has only to step into the place above-named, and he will find a man ready to receive him who has the latest fashions of the West at his fingers' ends, and who will serve him as well as any fashionable tailor in Regent Street. If a dinner-party is to be given, the lady of the house has only to call here, and she can make her selections of tinned delicacies that have come from all quarters of the globe. In the same street is the Hong-Kong Hotel, a magnificent and lofty building that tells of the cosmopolitan character of this colony, and of the luxury in which many of its inhabitants live. Not only do travellers resort here, but many unmarried men find it more comfortable and less expensive to come to terms with the manager and make the hotel their home than to run an establishment of their own. As compared with other places, things at Hong-Kong are dear, and servants demand extravagant wages. A Chinese cook, moreover, though an adept at cooking, is a most determined and inveterate cheat. As it is the custom for him to buy the food used in the family, it can easily be seen what a large field exists for the exercise of his ingenuity to enrich himself at the expense of his master. The market prices cannot always be ascertained, for they fluctuate with the supply and demand; even if they were known, the far-reaching shrewdness and cunning of this important domestic would set at naught any calculations that the more simple-minded foreigner might make.

A casual glance at the various shops, as we stroll leisurely along, shows us that in this busy thoroughfare is concentrated all provision for the necessities and the luxuries of life. The richest treasures of music and literature that the men of genius in the West have lavished upon the world can all be obtained here at will. Goods from England and France,

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great mail ships have brought over the sea, can be secured in any variety, and at rates that cannot be said to be very extravagant. Should the purchaser wish to possess himself of the quaint productions of Chinese art, he will find in numerous shops opened by the Cantonese in this very road an ample store of all kinds of curios. Should his tastes lie, however, in a different direction, he will have brought out to him a mass of silks and satin and pieces of embroidery that will perfectly entrance him with the richness of their colors and the beauty of their patterns. There is no other place in all China to get the varied kinds of productions that come either from the loom or from the hands of the many industries of the Chinese; for the shopkeepers, standing under the protection of the English flag, can go on their business without any fear of being molested by their own officials.

Continuing our walk down the crowded street, amid the dash and hurry of rickshaws that are flying in all directions with their fares, and streams of sedan chairs carried by their sturdy coolies, we come to a more open space, where the press is less severe.

though they were intended to last a thousand years, and to defy all the effects of climate and the fierce blasts of the typhoon. Permanency is the one thought that is inscribed in unwritten language upon the structures of this town, and one thinks with admiration of the genius and the forethought of men who, knowing that, through the stress of climate, their own stay in the place must after all be limited, could yet put so much strength and solidity in the buildings they were raising.

Beyond the banks is the City Hall, that looks very home-like and English. Here great public meetings are held in rooms both great and small. Immediately beyond this is the cricket-ground. The Englishman carries with him his love of the national sport, and no matter what the climate may be, if he can only get a piece of ground large enough and smooth enough, he will in a very short time be indulging in the game. The large number of residents, together with the considerable naval and military population, makes it easy to ensure that cricket shall be played nearly the whole year round. The sight is a very pretty one when some well-contested match is being witnessed. The day is bright and fair, and the sky is a deep blue, without a single cloud. The mountains tower majestically up in their massive strength behind the town. Seaward the tall masts of the ships can be seen, and now and again is heard the sound of the bugle, or the hoarse scream of some steamer that is leaving the port. The players are dressed in costumes befitting the climate, whilst the ladies that have gathered to grace the occasion are adorned in dresses so beautiful and so becoming that the charm of the scene is considerably increased.

Across the road is a large open space, that is reserved as a military exercising ground. Here the troops from the barracks hard by are drilled and reviewed, to the great delight of the Chinese, who

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and gaze with wonder at the evolutions of the
ers. The Chinese armies have a much looser
line than ours. It has never been considered
sary by the Chinese military authorities that the
should walk in step. A company of soldiers,
ng from one place to another, has none of that
soldierly air that always characterizes any body
nglish troops on the march. They slouch along
disorderly fashion, each man with the gait that
him best, and without any reference to his fel-

His disregard for what seems to us an essen-
eature in military drill is owing, no doubt, to
ct that in ordinary life the Chinese never dream,
they are walking with each other, of keeping
Two men, for example, are travelling along the
road. Their progress is, as compared with ours,
and leisurely. They converse freely, and keep
any together for miles, without once thinking it
sary to accommodate their motion each to the

How different would be the case with two Eng-
en! A few yards would hardly have been passed
e they would be walking side by side with the

this harmonious motion be interrupted but for a moment, and the most uncomfortable consequences are the result: the poles lose their balance, the footsteps of the men are dragged, whilst the occupant of the chair is jerked and tossed about by many counter-upheavals. It is absolutely essential that the lost step should be regained in order to allow of the journey being continued in comfort.

One great charm of Hong-Kong lies in its beautiful gardens. To reach these we have to leave the Queen's Road, and ascending some of the cross-roads, take our way through streets of fine houses. Nature here has done a great deal in assisting the art of those who laid out the roads, and who are now keeping them in order. In some of them the ground is much too uneven to allow of houses being built on both sides. On one side are the dwelling-houses, with their pleasant fronts adorned with tropical plants, and on the other are the steep banks, on which luxuriant trees grow, sending their branches over the street and covering it with a grateful shadow during the hottest hours of the day. Lower down, where the population becomes denser, the roads are more like those in our home cities, but always well kept and showing signs of constant supervision.

After strolling along these delightful ways and admiring the luxuriance with which Nature crowns the efforts of man, we come to the gardens, where our expectations of enjoyment are more than realized. The trees, and plants, and flowers of every description that flourish in this beautiful spot have a never-failing charm. The place resembles an immense conservatory where only the rarest productions of Nature could be reared. We look above, but we see no roof except the sky, across which fleecy clouds are slowly moving; and no walls are visible save the dark mountains. Here all the year round the residents may see ferns and flowers which in a more northerly latitude would have to be preserved in hot-houses.

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During the summer months the heat in Victoria is great, and of such a character as to favour growth of vegetable life, for it is moist and dry; the air is charged with a dampness that, it prostrates the people who are living in the city, acts as a perpetual shower-bath to trees and plants. This state of things is no doubt in a large measure the consequence of the hills being situated between the south-west monsoon and the town. For months in the year these southerly winds blow with tolerable regularity, and wherever they reach they bring comfort and refreshment. On the other side of the land strong and steady winds blow the livelong day, and the sea for many a mile from land is tossed with white and foaming waves. Here the monsoon never comes, for it cannot surmount the barriers that nature has placed in its way, and so it is fain to spend its strength elsewhere. The consequence is that people suffer in the heat, which no gentle breezes attempt to alleviate. This is so intolerable to many that houses have been built on the Peak, and families reside there permanently, whilst the gentlemen who are compelled to

But it is now time for us to leave this place where Nature has lavished her enchantments and visit another, beautiful in name, but tragic in its associations—the Happy Valley. As it is a considerable distance off, and the day is sultry, we determined not to walk, but either be driven in a rickshaw or carried in a sedan chair. Coming out of the gardens, a number of the latter are waiting for hire, and the bearers, with the instinct of men who have learnt by long experience to judge of the wishes of the public, rush with a shout up to us, and bending the front poles to the ground, entreat us to be seated. We choose the tallest and most stalwart of those before us. No sooner have we settled ourselves in our seat than the poles are on their shoulders, and, after a preliminary shuffle of the feet to get into step, with a firm and steady tread they begin their march to the place we have indicated.

We descend once more to the Queen's Road, for it is along this we have to travel to get to the Happy Valley. The hills have become so steep and precipitous that the traffic is obliged to converge upon this, the only road that leads to the favourite country resort of the community. We pass the barracks, where we get the familiar sight of English soldiers. Some are in undress, and some are on guard, whilst others again are lounging on the verandahs that project from the buildings, endeavouring to get a breath of fresh air. Although the conditions under which they live are very different from those to which they are accustomed in England, the men themselves seem much the same. They appear very happy and contented. They laugh and joke, and the sound of merry laughter may be heard from their rooms. Here are two or three on the road, off duty, with pipes in their mouths and faces beaming with smiles at something that has been said, all looking as jolly as though they were stationed at Portsmouth, instead of this hot, burning place, where life to men without special local interests must often be intolerably dull.

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passing the series of Government buildings along the road, we come to the quarter that is occupied almost entirely by Chinese. Shops filled with native products that the working classes are likely to purchase line the roads. Here are rice, sweet potatoes, fruits of all kinds, and vegetables, both fresh and in pickle, at every stage of decomposition calculated to appeal to the taste of the most epicurean customers. They are set out in open shop fronts, or immediately before the entrance in such a manner as will best display their products to the passers-by. There is little art employed to arrange them in a tempting way. The dealers are not stupid enough to know that no such inducements will ever get the money out of a Chinaman's pocket, where money is so scarce, and that it is only stern necessity that will ever make him part with what he has so hard-earned.

We have here a good view of the Chinese common life under the most favourable circumstances, and it is not an attractive one. Sanitation is under the control of a committee that will not endure the filth and dirt of a native city. The houses too are

as clean as brush and sturdy arms can make it, and in no very long period of time dirt will have accumulated in the unswept rooms, the fresh colours of the figures on the paper will have become dingy with tobacco smoke, and offensive smells will wander in from the road, on which he has, Chinese fashion, thrown any refuse that it was inconvenient to keep within the house. The Chinaman refuses with the dogged persistence of his race to be kept clean. It would be very interesting to know in what condition Li Hung-Chang and his Chinese suite left the magnificent rooms that were handed over to them for their use whilst they were in England. One of the chief items that the newspapers had to tell about Li was his persistent smoking on all occasions. Take this fact, together with the Oriental ideas of cleanliness, and it would not be a mistake to assume that those who had the restoration of the apartments used by the Celestials would get new and unpleasant views of Eastern life.

The Chinese whom we see on the roads and in the shops chaffering with the vendors of goods have an untidy and unwashed appearance. Their clothes look as if they had been slept in, and a general air of deshabille pervades them. Instead of putting on their shoes properly, they simply stick their toes into them and walk about in a slipshod fashion, a custom that prevails throughout the whole of China, no matter whether the shoes be new or old.

Our bearers meanwhile are carrying us with a swift, steady trot. They show no sign of fatigue, and hold their heads as erect as though they were soldiers on a march. Their footsteps sound in perfect unison, and it is only when people cross their path or threaten to block up their way that we realize that they are conscious of what is going on around them. Then the front man calls out in sharp ringing tones, 'Get out of the way,' 'We shall knock against you,' 'The sedan is coming,' 'Open a way,' and such-like; and the men on the road,

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nt to sounds that have been heard throughout
for countless generations, slowly gravitate to
le, and we swing by them with a rush.
ve pass along rapidly between the lines of houses,
e is frequently caught by narrow staircases that
directly from the street to the storeys above.
are exceedingly steep and narrow, and so con-
l that only one person can squeeze his way up
wn at a time. To the passing visitor they can-
at be a perplexity, and often must he have
red why such diminutive and precipitous stairs
have been attached to houses that have any-
but a mean appearance from the outside. But
e who know the secrets of the Hong-Kong Chinese
tion there is no mystery. They tell of families
amilies housed in the rooms above, so pressed
onfined for space to live in that it is a wonder
hey can possibly be accommodated. If the ques-
ad been proposed as to how the largest number
ple could be got permanently to dwell within
ery narrowest confines, and a prize had been
for its solution, Hong-Kong would have come out

glistened before their eyes, and gave them visions of large banking accounts, trips to England, shooting boxes in the Highlands, and other pleasures and excitements that were beyond their reach in this tropical Eastern land. They could not build horizontally, so they must do so perpendicularly, and storey after storey was piled up. As space was so precious, there was no room for a decent staircase to give access to the upper rooms. One can only think of these buildings as huge warrens, where the denizens live like rabbits. Of course the people that live in them are Chinese, and it is taken for granted that they do not need so much fresh air or so much ozone as Europeans, and that they can live under conditions that would be intolerable, say, to the Englishman. It is undoubtedly a fact that the Chinaman can thrive in places where pure air is a rarity as well as any man in the world.

The native population here seems robust and healthy, and as vigorous as though every law of hygiene had been rigidly observed. Apart, however, from the individual experience, which, on the whole, may not be unfavourable, other questions have to be considered. This excessive crowding has its perils, which in time must affect the whole of the community. The Chinese are naturally untidy and uncleanly, but the conditions in which they are placed intensify this national failing. The result is seen in the insanitary condition of large numbers of these houses, which has undoubtedly caused the terrible plague that has recently raged in Hong-Kong. It is in consequence of the investigations made concerning the cause of the outbreak that revelations of the filthy condition of the Chinese dwellings have startled and terrified the rest of the community. In their own towns and villages the Chinese almost universally live on the ground floor, and so the accumulation of unhealthy matter is less serious than in lofty houses with a number of storeys, where there is

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the room nor the convenience for removing it as it gathers. Where shall the Chinese throw refuse, of which there must always be a certain amount, even in the cleanest of houses? They dare not throw it into the streets, for they would be indicted by the police for creating a nuisance. It must remain in the living rooms. So the foul air is made still more unhealthy, and malignant germs of disease are producing in the human system a complaint so common and so deadly that the Chinese are struck with it when it breaks out amongst them. The plague has come into Hong-Kong, and it is destined to stay there. The sure result of the infraction of sanitary laws, and until the present system of housing the Chinese is abolished it will always be one of the terror-factors in the life of this beautiful colony. As these thoughts have been passing through our minds, our chair-bearers have been steadily advancing on their way. The houses on each side are becoming fewer and fewer, and at length we have left the city behind. We find ourselves in a delightful suburb embellished by a luxurious growth of trees and

The steady trot of our men, who seem to be as unwearied as when we first engaged them, soon brings us to the foot of the descent, and we find ourselves on a level with the fields that looked so green and refreshing in the distance. A short walk along a country road, kept in the same excellent state of repair that characterizes all we have hitherto seen in this well-governed island, brings us to the gate of the cemetery, that is one of the distinguishing features of this Happy Valley.

We feel a kind of hush stealing over our spirits as we enter a place where many of our countrymen lie beneath the shadow of the surrounding hills, sleeping that long slumber which shall be unbroken till the trump of God awakes them to life again. No expense or labour has been spared in the care and beautifying of this last resting-place. Any sorrow or feeling of depression that we might have been inclined to indulge in as we enter this abode of the dead is gradually dissipated as we wander amongst the charming scenes that meet us at every turn. It has been laid out with the greatest care and good taste. The graves, instead of being scattered about without any special regard to order, have been so arranged that at first sight the place looks like an immense garden in which trees and flowers have been planted in the richest profusion. If graceful monuments and flower-wreathed tombs are any indications of the love that the living still cherish for the dead, that love seems here to be specially deep and tender. It is interesting to mark the various inscriptions on the granite slabs and the snow-white marble structures that cover the remains of the loved ones. Some have an undercurrent of sadness about them, as though the parting were too great to be endured.

Others are full of hope. Some again touch us profoundly, for they show how deep is the wonderful kinship that lies at the root of human life, and that

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men to each other with bonds that can never be broken. Here is a grave, the slab of which is inscribed with loving words, recalling the comrade who has been tragically ended. Fellow-shipmates have raised this enduring monument to their comrade's memory, for his friends are thousands of miles away in the distant home, and are perhaps ignorant even that he is dead. They have built it as if it were intended to last for a century, for they have determined that the memorial they have built for their lost friend should survive the storms that may come here, and resist all the efforts of rain or of sun to overthrow it.

At the furthest end of these beautiful grounds, and directly facing the entrance, is a massive granite monument, on which are engraved the names of some of the officers and men who fell in our first war with Japan. It is on a slight eminence, and overlooks the grounds and trees and flowers and creepers that cover the surrounding ground in front. More than half a century has passed by since these noble men gave their lives in answer to their country's call, to consolidate the power of

the broken columns, and the tender epitaphs, in which men have striven to express the whole heart's affection in a single line, the revelation of a world of tenderness which lies behind every human life we look upon, but which men are always striving to disguise from the knowledge and gaze of others.

There is one feature about this cemetery that is a very sad and a very touching one. We notice, as we pass from grave to grave, attracted here by some quaint design, and fascinated there by some exquisitely tender expression, that a large proportion of young men under thirty years of age lie buried here. It seems as though Death out here had determined that his harvest should consist of those who were just entering life, with the glow of hope strong within their breasts, and with the plans for many years in the future just forming in their minds. The large majority of them belonged to ships that brought them here to die. They had started from home with merry hearts and high expectations. They would see the East, with its strange scenes, and forms of life so different from what their eyes had ever witnessed, and they had visions of fortunes that might be made in this land of the sun, that somehow or other might fall into their lap; and now the ending of all their dreams is the narrow home in this Happy Valley. It is with saddened thoughts that we pass out of the open gates to where our chairs are waiting for us.

The coolies are standing with good-humoured faces, and with no signs of impatience at our lingering so long within the cemetery. One special feature about these sedan-bearers is the unlimited patience that they have, as a class, under the most trying circumstances. This is seen not simply in men such as these, who earn their living by the patronage of the public, but also in the case of those who are engaged by private families to act as servants. The quiet, uncomplaining way in which they will wait the pleasure of their

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is something that the high-tempered, imperious
man cannot understand unless he has seen it.
y, for example, is going shopping. She calls her
and proceeds to the various shops at which she
s to make her purchases. The coolies, of course,
ft outside. It may be sunshiny or it may be wet.
is not a question with which their mistress is
ned. They must shift for themselves whilst she
gaged in her important business inside. She
s over the many beautiful fabrics that are placed
her to tempt her, and the minutes fly rapidly
Her coolies are destitute of resources to make
me pass quickly, so they lounge about, or they
e the favourite Chinese method of resting them-
and they sit upon their heels. When they are
of this, they smoke and yawn, or perhaps they
to chaff each other or tell laughable stories
men they know. The minutes have glided into
and still their mistress comes not forth. Again
it upon their heels and fill their diminutive pipes,
will only afford them a whiff or two, when they
e empty and need refilling. One tells the other how

in China to enter some commercial firm. The traditions of society, the hot climate, and a certain tendency to luxurious living that he acquires very rapidly, all demand that a sedan chair should form part of his establishment. This necessitates the engaging of two coolies to carry it. These are immediately forthcoming, for, in all probability, his coming has been anticipated for several weeks. From the moment they become his servants they feel bound to attend to every want and need that he may have. Every morning at daylight they carry his bath water from the neighbouring well, and see that everything is ready for him when he rises. About the time for his going to the office they are in the road in front of the house, dressed in their neat uniforms, and though he may have only a few hundred yards to walk, they insist upon carrying him. If, however, he should elect to dispense with their services they will still follow in his wake, feeling it their duty to do so. When office hours are over he will find the faithful pair waiting where they know by instinct he will most require them, and the moment after he has stepped into the chair they will be rushing along with firm tread and heads erect, at a speed that only chair-bearers can maintain. In a few minutes they will march up to the front of the club, with an air as if it belonged to their master, and drop him close to the entrance. He bounds up the steps and crossing its wide verandah disappears within, without saying a word to his coolies as to what they are to do. There is no need, however, that he should do anything of the kind, for they know exactly what is expected of them, and that is to wait till he chooses to appear. The chair is carried a little aside, so as not to interfere with new-comers, and the men, with true Oriental *sang-froid*, and with perfect good-humour, are prepared to hang around till midnight, if it should be necessary. Probably there are others in the same position as themselves, so lively

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sation ensues, which helps to make the time pass
ntly. By-and-by the evening begins to draw on.
un sinks lower and lower, and the twilight be-
tinged with shadows that threaten to quench
gain the sun descends, and finally disappears, and
darkness blots out the landscape, but still the
lingers inside. He has either become absorbed
the book that has taken his fancy in the library,
has become so excited in various games of
ls that the minutes have flown, and he has been
scious of the passage of time. His coolies make
mplaint. He is their master, the one who gives
their wages at the end of the month, which bring
ss into the home. Loyalty to the man who has
ved them for the very duties they are now per-
g will keep them there as long as he thinks fit
7.

length, as the dinner-hour approaches, he rushes
the steps with one or two of his companions;
moment they are in their chairs, and the men
rotting along with the steady, martial tread
the Chinaman never assumes when going into

resumes the step he has inherited from his forefathers.

At ten o'clock precisely the men in their uniforms are back again with the chair at the house where their master has been dining. They never dream that he will be as punctual as they are. The hour named is only a convenient time from which to reckon, and so when they reach the house they do not think it at all necessary to inform him that they have come. He knows they will obey his orders to the very letter, but that has nothing to do with the hour at which he shall leave his friends. The time slips by; the company is pleasant, and everything outside is forgotten. The clock strikes the hour of eleven, but its voice is unheard. Midnight passes by unheeded, and still the men wait patiently. The night is dark, and heavy clouds descend in drizzling rain. By-and-by the sound of voices is heard. The doors are flung open, and a flood of light flashes out into the darkness, whilst a stentorian call of 'Coolie! coolie!' tells the patient fellows that their weary waiting is at an end. They are at their chairs in a moment, their lantern is lit, and in a few seconds the echo of their steady, firm tread may be heard from the road along which they have disappeared with their master.

The above very fairly describes the kind of attention that young men get from their servants out in this land of China, where they are waited upon and looked up to much after the feudal fashion of ancient days.

Returning by the same road by which we came, we soon ascend the rising hill, and are again on the broad and well-kept road. Our ride from this point is one that is so thoroughly Eastern in its character that it is difficult to give an adequate idea of its charm. We are carried on the shoulders of two men, to whom Nature has given physique and strength suitable for the toilsome task they have to perform. They move along with more than two hundred pounds' weight

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upon them with more apparent ease and light-foot than some who travel with no weightier to impede them. So steadily, indeed, do they move that we are unconscious of any motion, except the easy one that takes us quickly on our way. The day is balmy and the air just warm enough to give a most delightful sensation. The hills on our right tower up above us, now with the light gleaming from them and then with shadows flitting across them. In the distance the high land of the mainland rises up the background, whilst the masts of ships thickly stud the harbour fill up the space that lies between. The picture absorbs our attention, and we are lost in admiration till the spell is broken by the sound of human voices. We have come once more to the Chinese quarter, where sights meet our eye which possess a still more absorbing interest than anything Nature can show us. Here are shopkeepers hawking upon the virtues of their wares, or haggling customers who are trying to beat them down in prices. Close by is a group of women, who, in their bright-coloured dresses, are holding an animated

trance to the station of the tramway that carries passengers to the Peak, which looks down with stately and solemn grandeur upon the scene below.

We proceed now to the important business of paying off our men. To do this requires a considerable amount of diplomacy, as well as restraint of temper, for, however well they may do their work whilst they are on the road, they exhibit certain peculiarities of temperament when the time of settlement comes which are apt to destroy the good opinion that is formed of them during the journey. It is a weakness of their class that they are never satisfied with the amount that is given them. If less than their proper fare is offered them, they at once break out into loud-voiced protestations, in which indignation, and contempt, and irony are beautifully blended, whilst the unhappy delinquent can hardly get a word in edgeways. If they are being paid in strings of cash, they fling these proudly and haughtily on to the ground, as though they were the real cause of offence, and appeal by gesture and by delicately worded pictures of their own hardships and the poverty of the wives and children who depend upon their earnings to the crowd that always gathers around at such scenes. The popular verdict is sure to be in their favour, and so to end the discussion a further sum is presented to make up the deficiency. This may really make the whole amount considerably in excess of the proper fare, and one would naturally suppose that the dispute would now be amicably terminated. Nothing of the kind. The coolies, recognising the advantage they have gained in the contest, are determined upon making the most of their victory, and so they claim a still larger amount. They skillfully appeal to their poverty, the hardships of their lot, and the weight of the man they have just been carrying. A bystander, with a good-natured smile and eyes glistening with a sense of humour, suggests a compromise. He knows that the men have no reason

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complain, but the method he proposes is one to all Chinamen. It is a universal way out of a difficulty, for it saves the reputation and self-respect on both sides. His proposition is at once hailed with approval by the open-mouthed crowd that has constituted itself judge and jury in the case. A certain sum is named, which the coolies appear reluctantly to agree to receive. The money is paid, and at once the perfect cordiality is established. The angry words are replaced by smiles, compliments, and good-humour prevail, and the men for a moment can hardly realize that they are the same men who only a few minutes ago exhibited such passion and indignation.

The case is not very different when a sum considerably over the proper fare is presented to the delighted coolies.

With the instinct of genius, they at once see that they have to deal with a man who is 'green,' and who, therefore, can be imposed upon. They disguise their feelings behind those solemn, massive features, and assume instead a look of genuine surprise and amazement. They ask indignantly what is the meaning of the sum that has just been offered to them.



THE TRAMWAY TO THE PEAK



demands. Some one in the crowd suggests that the dispute should be stopped by the gift of a few more cash to the coolies. After a little demur, this is agreed to by both parties, and in a few minutes the coolies are going off with their empty chair, and chuckling to themselves that their late job has turned out such a profitable one to them both.

The above remarks apply to chair-bearers on the mainland, and not to those who get their living in Hong-Kong. Here the rate of payment is fixed, and neither the public nor the coolies can be defrauded, for the amount to be paid per hour is so settled by the legislature that there need be no discussion about it. The inborn disposition of these men, however, to exact more than their proper fare is not to be eradicated by any amount of legislation, and attempts are constantly being made to get more than the law allows them. A motion to take down the number that is conspicuously affixed to each chair plying for hire is quite enough to send the men away without another word, for they well know that if they are reported to the authorities they will lose their licence, and thus be deprived of this means of earning their livelihood.

The tram is waiting to ascend the hill, so, having taken our tickets, we seat ourselves in it. In a few minutes, without any sign of the power that is to propel us up the steep and giddy heights, we slowly glide out of the station, and begin what seems at first sight a most perilous journey. At first the ascent is gradual, but very shortly, by a quick transition, the comparatively even position we had in the car is changed for one in which we incline to one more nearly horizontal than we feel to be quite comfortable. The hill now is very steep, and as we are dragged up its precipitous side the thought will intrude itself upon us, with what fearful velocity we should fly down to the bottom in case of an accident, to be dashed into a thousand pieces there. We are in the grip, however, of a force that is quite equal to the

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is made upon it. Step by step we advance, by a power that defies the laws of gravitation. Upon our left are the rugged peaks and steep cliffs, that appear to look upon us with amazement as we invade their dominions in so daring a manner; whilst on our right the houses that have been built on perilous places far up on the sides of the cliffs all seem awry, for, by a curious optical illusion, one of them has lost its perpendicular and is leaning over as though it were going to tumble down into the depths below. At length, after holding on to the rim death to our seats—as though by doing so we could secure ourselves from accident—we slowly climb from the last precipice up which we have descended, and running smoothly over the level space in which the terminus is situated, we find ourselves at the Peak.

The first feeling is one of extreme delight at the grand view upon which we have to gaze. For a few seconds we are so absorbed in our contemplation of the scene that we do not want to speak, and then our minds are so impressed with the grandeur of what we

further on it lies in deepest shadows. The clouds move on, the vision changes, sunlight rests where shadows lay before, the diamonds lose their brilliance and vanish from our sight. Further on, where the water-line has been merged in the rising land, we see how the low-lying hills soon become mountains that rear themselves proudly against the sky. They are a fitting background to the view that lies between them and us, and in the boldness of their design and in the varied forms in which they have grouped themselves they present an ideal picture that one is never wearied of beholding.

But let us turn away and examine the scenes on this mountain-top, so attractive to people who are accustomed to live in the town below. Leaving the station, we are struck with the beautiful roads that wind in all directions across the plateau that stretches before us. The English, like the ancient Romans, have indeed the instinct for road-making deeply ingrained within them, and never has it been more conspicuously displayed than up here, where the clouds and the mist often love to rest. No such a thing as monotony ever suggests itself to the mind as one wanders slowly along these roads, entranced with the beautiful scenery that catches the eye at every turn. Sometimes they wind along the side of a hill that looks down into great depths below, and then they dip into a gorge, from which they emerge again, scaling such steep ascents that the climber reaches the top breathless. Anon they bear away in the direction of the Peak, and after they have reached the summit and caught a view of the distant mainland and the sunny islands that lie out to sea, they once more descend the hills with many a wind and curve, until they finally reach the shore.

This mountain-top has proved a special boon to the community during the summer months. Whilst the people in the town are sweltering with heat, and not a breath comes to cool the fiery atmosphere, winds that

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rushed straight from the foam-flecked sea beyond with a sweet music in their voice that charms the

The temperature up here must be at least five degrees lower than it is in the city, and when considered that the air is purer it is easy to see with what a sense of relief and delight the steep sides of this mountain are climbed, and the stifling atmosphere of the town is exchanged for the fresh breezes and the glorious scenery of this world.

A large number of houses have been built in picturesque spots, where many families reside the whole year

There are also two large hotels,—the Austin and the Peak,—which are both liberally patronized, especially by young men, who, having no home of their own find it less expensive than a separate establishment would be. These spend the day in their offices in town and their nights upon the mountain, to the advantage of their health and of their pockets. One drawback to the enjoyment of the Peak is the prevalence of fogs during the summer months. These sometimes envelop it for days together, and drown



A VIEW ON THE PEAK, HONG-KONG.



It is with reluctance that we leave this breezy, sunny plateau. We should like to saunter longer along its broad, well-kept roads, and dive down into its deep ravines, and explore the nooks and crannies that are hidden within the shadows at their feet, where graceful ferns luxuriate the whole year round, and live and die unseen by any human eye. It is time, however, to return to the town, and as a tram is just about to leave, we bid a lingering good-bye. In a few seconds we again find ourselves holding on to our seats, and trying to get rid of the idea that unless we do so we shall be precipitated headlong into unutterable destruction against the rocks that lie far down below us. There is really no danger of this, for the system adopted in the running of these cars makes an accident almost impossible. It is declared that even though the wire ropes that connect the ascending and descending carriages were broken, there are automatic breaks that would cause them to grip the lines so tightly that they would stop even on the steepest gradients, remaining there until actual force had been employed to make them loose their hold. We accordingly descend in perfect safety; and this time disregarding the importunities of the chair coolies, we proceed to examine one of those cross streets that run from the sea up the side of the hill.

As we stand at the head of one of these, and look down to where the Queen's Road crosses it at the foot, we have a picture of Eastern and Western life intermingled such as can be seen nowhere else in China. The street is wide and well paved, and carefully drained. Every now and again stone steps are placed, where the incline becomes too dangerously steep for even the ordinary pedestrian. No carriages, of course, could venture up or down, and not even the rickshawmen would dream of bringing their light and easily managed vehicles on such a break-neck road. It is so well swept by the men appointed to look after the

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ness of the town that no evil odours disturb us pass down, and the air is as sweet here as in the best-kept town in England. The moment we turn the street to the houses we realize at once that we are in the Far East. The buildings, it is true, are lofty and different from the one-storeyed houses which are everywhere met with in this country. They are crowded, however, to an extent that only Chinese can endure. We look into the rooms, and faces meet us everywhere. We see the narrow staircases that lead to the storeys above, and we know they are indeed to the very fullest extent. We look up at the windows, see the numbers that go up and down the stairs, and can believe the stories of the crowd that has brought this terrible plague upon Hong-

We descend the street slowly and carefully, for it is so steep, and still we are impressed with the thought of the dense masses that are pressed into these European-looking houses, where the drainage and sanitary conveniences are thoroughly different from what the Chinese are accustomed to, and yet inadequate to keep the rooms in that healthy state which



AN ITINERANT CAKE-SELLER.



crisp and tasty. To meet the demands of every customer, some have been shelled and the white kernels have been plunged into oil and cooked till they are of a brown, appetizing colour. All the above can be bought at a rate that would astonish the boys and girls in England, and fill their hearts with delight, could they only be assured that sweets and candies could be purchased at the same rate.

The bustle on the streets is such as would drive away



A TRAVELLING KITCHEN.

all melancholy from the heart, and make the most depressed take a more cheerful view of life. For see how miscellaneous the people are that make up the streams that pass and repass. Coolies with heavy burdens fixed to the ends of bamboo poles, the centres of which are balanced on one of their shoulders, wind in and out amongst the crowd, and hucksters with all kinds of dainties ready cooked to tempt the appetite of the hungry loiter about. Rickshaw men come flying along with rapid strides, and cause the people to seek the sides of the road with

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vity that is foreign to their nature ; men of sober and young fellows with cigars in their mouths sprinkling of Western thoughts in their brains, to with the traditions that have come down from note past, saunter leisurely on their way. Con- s amongst all these are the chair coolies, who beside their chairs looking into the faces of the -by with a critical and discerning gaze, to see if nnot pick out a possible fare. For quaint humour ickness in appreciating anything funny, these esemble more the Irish peasant than any other eople. The prevailing opinion that the Chinese low and stolid race, and wanting in a sense of iculous, has arisen entirely from a want of dge of this great people. In public, and when it ssary that they should conceal their true selves, an be as solemn and as unfathomable as the

Let this necessity be removed, and they become earted and full of a wit that is Oriental, it is ut is so laughter-producing that it covers men's with smiles and sends them into ecstasies of nent.

cated. Here is a group of men who seem to be engaged in a violent quarrel. Their voices can be heard above the sound of the rickshaws and the tread of many feet, and they are speaking so energetically and their gestures are so excited that a stranger to the country would declare that they were angry with each other, and that before long there would be a fight. This is not so. As we draw near to them, we find they are men from



A PHYSIOGNOMIST.

neighbouring villages in the interior, and that they are discussing the latest news from home. Their loud, excited tones are those that they have been accustomed to all their lives, and the carelessness with which they let out the doings of their friends in this busy street is something that does not astonish the passers-by. The fact is, in this land of the rising sun, where the heat for many months is intolerable, doors and windows must be left open all day long; and so, with the narrow spaces

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separate families from each other, and the out-door life at most people live, the privacy possible in a tropical climate is something which cannot be attained elsewhere.

Our wanderings up and down this noble town have been a great ease. We have attempted to give some idea of the variety of buildings, and beautiful roads, and charming scenery, and busy population that make up this celebrated island; but we feel that, even with the help of the illustrations we have given to illustrate our subject, only a faint conception, after all, can be obtained of the island and its people. Hong-Kong is one of the possessions of the East where the imperial character of the British race is seen in its power to create cities in places where none existed before, to people them with multitudes, and to cause commerce to attract the ships and steamers of all nations to their harbours. There is no Englishman that visits this island but feels the results of his country's rule, as seen in the progress of this prosperous colony. The Chinese who have helped to build up the place have been so won by the generous treatment they have received at the hands

CHAPTER VII

Canton

The Canton Steamer—Scenes on the Pearl River—Fishing—Crab Baskets—Whampoo—The Bogue Forts—The Scene of the Naval Battle with the Chinese under Admiral Kwan—Dragon Boat Festival—Shameen—City of Canton—Bound Feet—Temples—Examination Hall—Estimate of Chinese Character.

THE steamer for Canton leaves the wharf precisely at 8 o'clock in the morning, and as the public clock is heard striking the hour in the town the engines begin to move, and she glides slowly and majestically from her moorings. Before she has proceeded many yards on her way, her paddle-wheels are lashing the water of the harbour into foam and driving her swiftly on her journey. The scene that is witnessed from the deck is a very pretty one. As we move out from the land the town gradually opens up to our view. Point after point that was hidden from us before discloses itself, and shortly the whole panorama stretches before us, so that we can take in all its beauties as it creeps up from the sea along the mountain side, seeming in some places like an invading army that would assault the very highest crags and carry them by storm. We are perplexed where to look, so attractive is every quarter upon which our eyes rest. The Peak looks grand to-day, as it stands out bold and distinct from amidst the fleecy mist that clings with loving embrace to its sides lower down, and it seems to nod farewell to us as we steam across the bay.

But the sights and sounds of life around us soon draw our thoughts from the picture of the city and the hills

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for, after all, there is a charm about the living that can never be permanently surpassed by any that Nature in her silent moods can offer. Here a large sampan that we almost graze as we rush by. Generations are on deck gathered round the evening meal. The elders are crouched round the large dish of rice that is laid on the deck, whilst the youngest, with the restlessness of childhood, wanders about with the chopsticks in one hand and the bowl in the other. Now they are held motionless in an attitude that would delight an artist, as the child gazes with attention upon our big steamer. In a moment the group in its floating home vanishes from our sight, for amidst the thunder of the paddle-wheels we are alongside a huge lorcha that, with all sails set, is running before a fair wind in the same direction as ourselves. She is clipper-built, and seems to have been modelled on a Western model, rather than on the ideals that the Chinese have followed elsewhere. Guns protrude conspicuously from each side, and men lounge upon her decks whom we look upon with suspicion. There is nothing of the jolly aspect of the honest Tar



A FAMILY GROUP OF THREE GENERATIONS.



in the conflict. We have but a passing glimpse of these men, however, for our paddle-wheels seem to-day to be infected with the spirit of mischief, and to be determined that no competitor shall be allowed to linger so long near us as to be allowed to feel for an instant that it would have any chance in a race with us. At one moment, with a noise like thunder, they crash down upon the water with a fierce succession of thuds that cause the ship to vibrate from stem to stern. Then the



A CANTON SEA-GOING JUNK.

sound dies away to a whisper, and they seem to be busy in churning the sea into a perfect maelstrom, where all vision of the water is lost in the seething foam. And now a magnificent steamer flying the English flag is passed, and more sampans with their family circles, and lorchas, and screaming, excited launches and small fishing-boats, that are trying to pick up a precarious living on the edge of this great harbour, where the fish would never venture to enter.

Victoria has vanished from our sight behind a head-

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round which we have just swung. Kowloon, with its ranks and rows of houses, has sunk below the yards and masts of the shipping, and now we are in the open water with islands gleaming in the distance, and bold mountains and sandy beaches that diversify the scene which we have to look. We steer for an opening in the river, and as we wind round a point which seems bent upon closing the river that lies behind it, we find ourselves in the stream that will take us to Canton.

The scenery here is of the most beautiful description imaginable. Islets washed by the flowing tides, and banks wooded down to the water's edge, and vistas of miniature lakes through which we shall have to pass, and lofty hills lying in the background, fill our minds and capture us as we gaze upon them.

In addition to the charm of the country around us, we have the living scenes upon the river to divert moment. There is no danger of anything of the kind hindering our journey to-day. The rivers of China can never be dull, for life is too prolific out here, and the demands it makes upon men are too serious ever to allow the watery highways to remain silent and



A SCENE ON THE PEARL RIVER.



Just at the moment when the tide begins to slacken these are lifted up, and their contents are transferred to the baskets of the fishermen.

Another very ingenious plan for catching the crabs that abound in these waters is observed as our steamer passes along this beautiful river. This is a bamboo-basket with a mouth sufficiently large enough to allow a good-sized crab to enter. Just beyond the neck it suddenly enlarges, so that it is capable of holding comfortably twenty or thirty. The crab is of an enquiring, exploring disposition, but as soon as it realizes that its adventure ends without the discovery of anything to eat, it makes tracks back again to its old haunts. It finds, however, that there is no retreat for it, for the way out has been so carefully guarded by rows of sharp bamboos that all exit is impossible. It has then simply to lie and speculate what its fate will be when at the turn of the tide its unrelenting foe will release it from its present captivity. From the large number of these baskets that are seen near the villages on the banks, this mode of fishing must be found to be very profitable.

Our journey to-day is a very pleasant one. The scenery is very fine, and the sights that we are continually meeting are novel and interesting. There is, however, this additional charm—that we are on historic ground. The early history of English trade in China is bound up with the river along which we are steaming. Here the East India Company's ships came with their cargoes, to carry others still more precious away to England, and along these waters the first-comers had to approach the then mysterious empire, for the stern and haughty rulers of this land guarded with dragon eyes the country that people from the West were so anxious to enter.

We look with intense interest upon Whampoo, for it was here that English ships were compelled to anchor after their long journey across the ocean. The river

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too shallow to permit them to proceed further, so they lay here whilst their freights were carried up to Canton. It must have been a dull place for sailors, who had sometimes to wait months whilst cargo was being sold, and the return one permitted the imperious mandarins was being put on board. It must have been often an unhappy time too, for the heat must have hung heavily on their hands, especially when the great sun sent down fever and ague, and the warm waters that flowed by them delivered them overboard sentry and weary sicknesses of many kinds.

The Bogue Forts, however, have for us a special attraction, for it was here that the Chinese, in their arrogance and contempt for English power, fired on our men-of-war. They were soon taught a lesson in warfare that they had never learned in their contact with the native races. No very serious damage was done at the time, and consequently the impression was not a very deep one. It was intensified in 1841, when our troops assaulted and captured the place, and the English flag waving over it proclaimed that the coast up to this point was in the possession of the de-

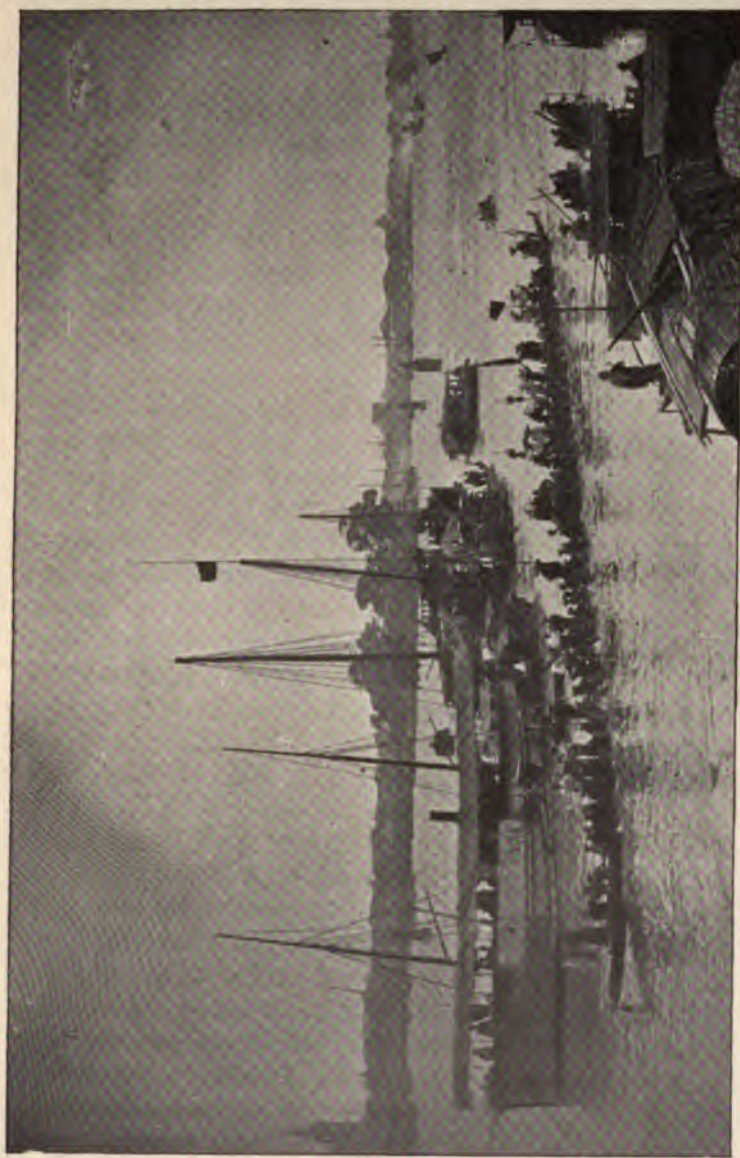
The English, overjoyed at the prospect of a fight with men who had taken no pains to conceal their contempt, kept on their course with their ships ready for action, and their guns run out, all ready for the decisive moment when the first shot from the Chinaman would give them a valid excuse for fighting. No sooner had Kwan got within range of the enemy than the signal was hoisted from the flagship, and the hills around echoed with a sound that was destined ultimately to reach Peking itself. An instant later the English guns opened fire, with such terrible effect that the Chinese were for the moment paralyzed. A brave man, however, was at their head, and no thought of running away entered into their minds.

A stiff breeze was blowing at the time, and as it was specially favourable for the manœuvring of their ships, the English found themselves in a most advantageous position for the attack. Running up and down in front of the Chinese fleet, they delivered their broadsides with most disastrous effect. Some of the foe were sunk, others were enveloped in flames, and a few disabled junks, the remnant of the haughty squadron that had advanced so boldly against the English, escaped up some of the creeks that branched off here from the main river. Admiral Kwan, with the spirit of his heroic ancestor strong within him, stood gallantly at his post, and was killed during the conflict. The imperial edict that was issued by the Emperor with special reference to this battle had no praise to bestow upon the men that had died heroically at their posts. The main feature of it was a stern rebuke to the late admiral for his breach of naval etiquette in taking his position near the mainmast, rather than in standing on his quarter-deck, and thence issuing the orders he had to give. It was well for him that he died from the shots of his enemy, for there is no doubt but that had he survived he would have been treated in a very summary fashion, not simply because he had chosen

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seemed to him the fittest place from which to lead his fleet, but mainly because he had brought glory upon the Chinese flag by allowing himself to be beaten by a barbarian foe.

Meanwhile our steamer has been making steady progress towards her destination. The white cloud banks that appeared at first somewhat misty in the distance have seemed to approach nearer to us, and to assume more definite shapes. The river too seems to narrow, as if it were converging to some point of importance, the junks have become more numerous, and small boats carrying passengers across the river and fro, their inmates evidently enjoying the sight of our vessel as we dash by them amidst the noise of paddle-wheels and the foam that whitens the face of the water behind us. We sweep round a long bend in the river, and the vision of foreign-built houses, and foreign ships, and steamers reposing silently beside them, tell us that Canton is beyond us. A few minutes more and we are close to the place where our ship is going to anchor. Crowds of Chinese coolies stand upon the pier, waving to us as we majestically move into place. Some



DRAGON BOAT.

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charge the steamer's cargo and the officials in
of the wharf.

May is a busy and exciting one for the Chinese
city, and indeed for the people throughout the
of the empire. It is the festival of the Dragon
which is observed with great rejoicings through-
eighteen provinces. It is a very ancient custom,
according to tradition, is associated with a loyal
er of the Crown, who endeavoured to guide the
ls of his master so that the State should be
ved from the troubles into which it was drifting.
uler refused to listen to his advice, and the
er, finding that unworthy favourites were influ-
the royal mind to the prejudice of the country,
ed himself in the Yellow River. When the news
suicide was brought to the court, the utmost
nation was felt at the loss of so wise and patriotic
sellor, and parties were sent to try and recover
ly. The common people too, by whom he was
beloved, joined in the search; but the mighty
refused to give him back to an ungrateful sovereign.
ews of his tragic death spread throughout the

This festival is a source of rejoicing to all classes of society, both to young and old, and lasts for three days. All work that can be avoided is given up during this time, and dressed in holiday attire the people flock in crowds to the river's bank, near which the boats are stationed. The majority secure places where they can get a good view of the proceedings of the day, whilst large numbers hire sampans, which row up and down the stream, and from them enjoy the sights that are to be seen there. The Dragon Boats are long and narrow, very frequently being sixty to seventy feet in length, and only from four to five in width. These are manned by sixty to eighty men with paddles in their hands, who stand in a double row and propel their craft with these. The steersman, surrounded by several men, whose duty it is to assist him when any difficulty in navigation arises, is conspicuous in the stern, grasping a long scull that projects far out over the stern. Any ordinary rudder would be of little service with a boat of this kind, and manned by such a crew.

At length the sports begin. A mandarin junk having anchored at a suitable spot to constitute the goal to which the boats shall direct their course, they assemble at a particular place on the river.

The men in each stand with the paddles poised in their hands ready for immediate action, and the steersman with a firm grasp of the scull marks with his eye the course along which he will steer his boat. A signal is given, and at once every paddle is in the water and the men are rising and falling to their work. The excitement now becomes intense. The spectators on the bank and the occupants of the sampans gaze with absorbed attention upon the competitors as they lash the water into foam and occasionally incite each other by shouts to the exertion of all their powers.

The appearance of the boats is entirely different from those we see in any sports of the same kind in England. The rhythmic motion of the men, conspicuous because

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standing to their work, and the regularity with which these stoop when they dip their paddles in the water make them look like gigantic centipedes, which in their immense excitement are using their numerous legs to escape from some imminent peril. As might be expected, the rules for racing are entirely different from those to which we are accustomed. No regular officials are appointed, and no judges stand at the goal to mark the time or decide between contested claims. Boats too have an inconsequent way of finishing a race. The crew of some particular craft, for example, are seen madly plunging their paddles into the water, and the two men in the bows are excitedly waving their arms in unison with their strokes in the direction of the goal. Quick, sharp cries resound from every rower, and the mandarin junk is almost capsized, when the steersman is seen to give a powerful stroke to his scull, and in a moment the boat sweeps out of her course, and seems to have abandoned the race to the others, which dash triumphantly past her. She has not necessarily lost, for there are keen observers here that decide the question by rules and methods



A RIVER VIEW AT CANTON.



upon the Englishman, and that is the absence of all rows or disturbances of any kind. No policeman is ever seen at any of these gatherings, and no drunken man or woman ever breaks up the harmony that prevails by his disorderly conduct. Pedlars with all kinds of sweets, and fruit-sellers and dealers in ground nuts and melon seeds move in and out amongst the happy groups, but no public-house exists near by to send men reeling into the streets, and no



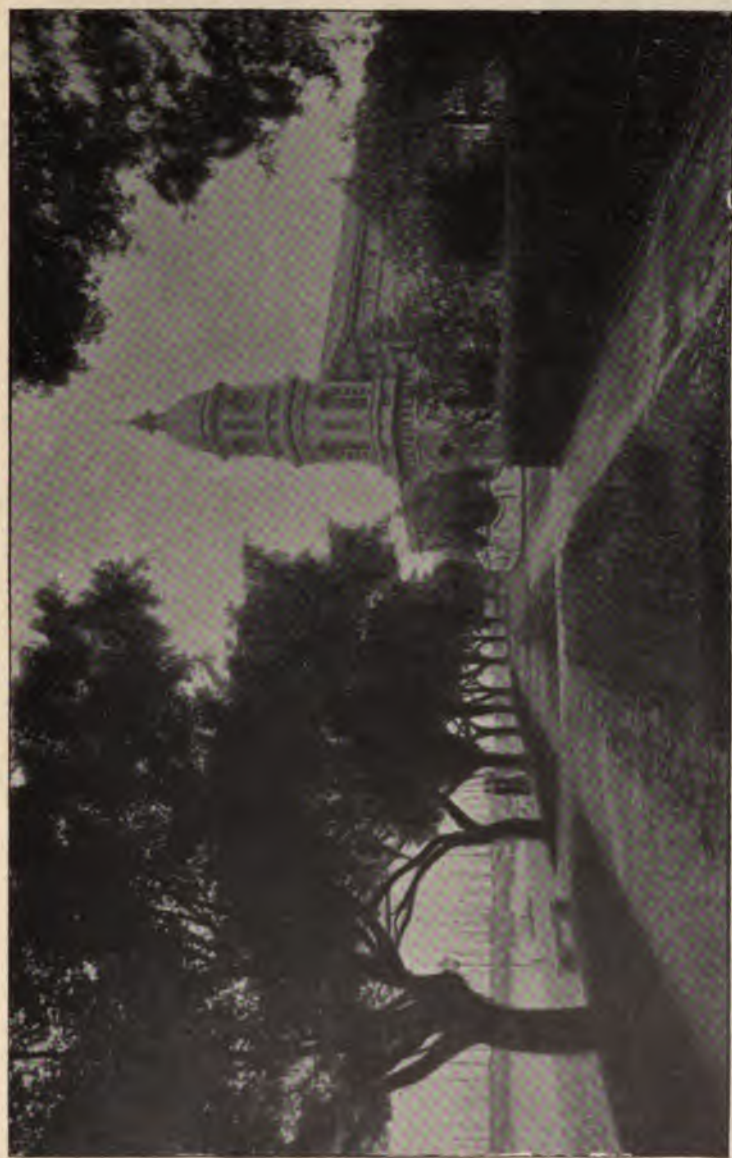
SHAMEEN, CANTON.

passion for drink tempts any one to indulge in what would turn the merry, laughing assemblage into disorderly and noisy mobs.

The most conspicuous feature, from a foreign point of view, about Canton is the small island of Shameen, which has been granted to the English as a concession on which they can build houses and reside without any interference from the native population that lives in such close proximity. It is delightfully situated on the river, and is not only very picturesque in appearance,

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irably placed so that the breezes that blow up
am shall refresh the people who live on it in
ary, sultry weather of the hot summer months.
it entirely under their own control, the residents
ade roads and planted trees, and made it look as
ke a piece of England as they possibly could. A
large enough for all the community of every
ity has been built, and here the worship of God
tained in this heathen land. A narrow creek
es it from the mainland, but not sufficiently to
e it from all the offensive odours which seem to
art of Chinese national life. Small boats crowd
ek, for they have greater protection here from
d tide than they would have were they to anchor
ream beyond. All these are manned by families
reside permanently in them. The result is that
is continually rent with the loud voices of this
population. It is also rendered unwholesome
presence of many people who have never yet
the first lesson in regard to sanitary laws.
ints have been made to the Chinese authorities
English officials, and pretended efforts have been
the ferment to clean the creek of the boats that



THE CHURCH AND ROAD ON SHAMEEN, CANTON.



most firmly, and they ought to be compelled to carry out treaty engagements to the very letter. There will be no need to use force to do this. The Chinese are keen discerners of character, and as long as they can play upon English good nature and credulity they will amuse them with stories about their inability to control their own people, which are the purest fictions ever concocted by the most inventive brain of man. The mandarins have the most absolute power to carry out any purpose they wish to accomplish, and perhaps the most easily governed subjects over whom to rule. The common people know too well the troubles that can be brought upon them by any resistance to the will of their magistrates, and they dare to attack and insult foreigners only because they know that they will never be brought to book for their conduct. Let the English Government demand the punishment of the mandarins in every case where there has been an infraction of the treaty, and the troubles that are constantly arising throughout the empire will cease. The masses are not the real source of the many grievances that cause complaint. In nine cases out of ten these can be traced to the hostility of the ruling class, who refuse to use their powers for the protection of the subjects of other nations, in accordance with treaty rights. When the Western powers get this idea thoroughly into their heads—when they become determined to carry out the policy that not the people, but the mandarins, shall be held responsible for any injury to the life or property of their subjects, and that no case shall be settled until these gentry have been punished—then a large proportion of the diplomatic difficulties which now engage the attention of the ambassadors at Peking will entirely vanish.

That this action would not be unjust from a Chinese standpoint is manifest from the fact that the mandarin in China is the one around whom gathers all the responsibility for whatever happens in the district over which he rules. He is the representative of the Emperor, and

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ought to be so perfect that no disturbance of any kind could possibly take place. If there should be any, it arises not because the people are bad, but solely because his methods are unwise. In cases of local rebellions, murders, discontent in cities, extraordinary crimes, his superiors consider that these are caused either by incapacity or the venality of the county magistrate (termed the father and mother of the people), and he is to be called to account for misdemeanors which he has not committed himself, but which have arisen through some misgovernment of his. The great mistake of the past has been that English diplomacy has always treated the Chinese as though they were English, and governed by the same laws as the latter, and issued the same kind of Magna Charta that our forefathers wrung out of King John at Runnymede. But the East and the West cannot be governed alike, and when statesmen begin to study the habits and thoughts of the people of China, who are to be tremendous factors in the commercial life of the future, then they will perceive that the traditional rules of the Foreign Office have been a mistake, and need replacing by others that will make diplomatic relations run more smoothly than



A VIEW IN CANTON.



that the rest of the province is really governed. It is also the fountain of literary honours, for the imperial examiner comes here once in three years to examine the graduates throughout the province who have obtained their B.A., and to confer upon those who are fortunate enough to pass the very difficult examinations the coveted degree of Ku-Jin, which may be roughly said to approximate to our M.A.

Canton is a great resort for all who are seeking for official employment, and thousands of men in long robes with keen and anxious faces are waiting daily for some vacancy to occur to which they may be appointed, for every office in the town and market-places of this large province is filled from this place. Its chief distinction, however, is the fame it has attained for being the first place to enter into commercial relationships with foreigners, and to allow their residence, whilst the rest of the country was practically closed to them. The trade which was then carried on not only enriched a large number of its merchants and officials, but also spread its reputation throughout the provinces in the interior. As it was the only port where Western goods could be landed, it followed as a matter of course that their only way into the inland regions lay here. All the tea from the mountains far away from the coast had to be sent hither by long journeys down difficult rivers, for from no other port was it allowed to be shipped to England. The consequence of all this was that the name of Canton was known not only as one of the provincial capitals of the nation, but also as the one place where an enormous trade was carried on which no other city was permitted to engage in. The town from a Chinese point of view is a truly magnificent one, and worthy of its high reputation. The walls are lofty, and such as are fit to encompass the large population gathered within them. It has the general characteristics, however, that distinguish every native city which we have ever seen. The streets are just as narrow and the houses as much

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ing in symmetry and artistic beauty as in places celebrated. Our old familiar friends, the smells, are as rich with ancient history and as hoary with age, though we were to shut our eyes, and people were to make us imagine that we were in a different place, we should still recognise from their antique air that we were in one of the cities of China. There is one feature about this place that is very disgusting, and at the same time exceedingly disagreeable, that is the open contempt which the people on the streets show for the foreigner. This is not confined to looks, but often takes the more offensive shape of insulting epithets and rough jostling, which at the provocation would lead to something more serious. One of the lessons that have been taught this city by English and French soldiers in former years, the spirit of its population has never lost its bitterness even to the present day. The Cantonese are usually a fierce and turbulent people. Physically they are strong and robust, and mentally they take precedence of perhaps all the rest of their countrymen. They are such excellent business men that they almost

in conflict with the crowds through which we have to edge our way, we notice a young woman immediately in front of us. She is accompanied by an elderly lady, whom we discover to be her mother-in-law. She is very neatly dressed, and her hair, which is most luxuriant, is adorned with a profusion of white flowers so fragrant that the breath of them reaches us. There is one peculiarity about this lady that fixes our attention upon her, and makes us lose sight of every other object in the



HALL WHERE THE CANTON MERCHANTS MEET.

street, and that is her feet. They are exceedingly small, and bound after the highest ideal of Chinese fashion. Each shoe cannot be more than two inches and a half in length, and how she has managed to get her foot into that is a mystery that would puzzle any one but a Chinaman. It is astonishing with what activity she manages to walk along the badly paved roads. We have not to loiter to keep behind, which we plan to do, for we are absorbed in our contemplation of the wonder-

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exteriority with which she succeeds in progressing through difficulties. Her motion is not at all a graceful one, but resembles that of a person on stilts. There is no athletic action of the body with each step that is graceful, and no poetry of motion.

I go out of our way to follow this lady, just to see a woman with the famous 'Golden Lilies,' as the Chinese call these bound feet, will act when she has to travel a road and move about amongst her fellow-men. She is unaffected by fatigue, and walks almost as briskly as the men. Long custom must have inured her to the peculiar gait, for otherwise it must be an exceedingly tiring one, where the body has to yield up its natural impulses of motion to accommodate itself to the artificial action compelled by the distortion and crippling of the feet.

It is an extraordinary thing that a shrewd and practical people like the Chinese should ever have consented to the adoption of a custom that renders the life of many millions of women a perpetual misery and at the same time disqualifies them from fully performing out the duties of their homes. As to the origin

women have to engage in field labour, and amongst the boat population, this hideous custom cannot be carried out, for the natural foot is demanded for the employments which have to be performed there.

The compressing of the foot begins when the girl is about seven or eight years old, and is attended with extreme pain. Long bandages of calico, about two inches in width, are prepared, and the process is begun by turning all the toes, except the large one, under the soles of the feet. In the early stages the children suffer agonies. Every day the bandages are tightened, and the toes driven still further from the place where Nature has appointed them, until the instep, amidst pains that only those who have endured them can comprehend, is thrust forward in this unnatural process. Still the bandages do their cruel work, held by the hand of a mother from whose heart custom has expunged all the more generous and tender feeling for her offspring, and a chasm is made between the heel and the forepart of the foot, whilst the instep becomes convex in shape, instead of concave. The morrow comes and the cruel torture is resumed, and no tears can stay the hand that inflicts it. The toes, in spite of the fiercest protest from Nature, are pressed by brute force still further under the soles, and the instep bones, unable to bear the strain, crack and break, and still the mother, untouched by the wreck she has made of her girl's feet, draws the bandages tighter and still more tight, till at length, through the infinite suffering of her daughter, she has reached the very ultimate limit to which her art can go, and the feet are so reduced in size that they can be put within the narrow confines of the shoe.

But it must not be supposed that the torture ends when the process of binding has been completed, and when flesh and blood have been cramped within the very narrowest possible bounds. When the beau-ideal has been reached, in order to get the feet into the small

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the shoes, the unfortunate victim of this hideous custom is compelled from this time forward, whenever she walks out, to stand with her feet, not in the ordinary upright way, but in an inclined position, with the heels considerably elevated above the toes. She thus really rests the whole burden of her body upon the latter; in order to ease the strain upon them, a ball of cork is fixed in the after part of the shoe upon which the heel may rest, thus relieving the pressure upon the toes, which cannot be cramped, for fear of fatal consequences.

Amazing with what heroic fortitude the women of this country have endured a custom that entails a life of misery. It has such a hold, however, upon the masses of them that no imperial legislation has been able to affect it in the slightest degree. The power that will be able to banish it from the country is Christianity. Much has been effected by that already, to-day hundreds of girls and women within the empire, now pioneers in the movement for freedom, are struggling in the liberty that never would have come to them but for the Gospel of Christ.



A FAMOUS PAGODA.



another nine-storeyed octagonal one, 170 feet in height, which was erected in the sixth or seventh century.

The temples are very numerous, and some of them very large and magnificent. The most considerable of these is the Honam temple, which stands outside the city walls on the south side of the river. A large number of priests reside within the spacious buildings attached to this monastery, and carry on the daily services.

Another famous temple is that which contains five hundred statues of Buddha and of some of the more famous of his disciples. One cannot but derive the impression from these numerous temples that the Cantonese are an exceedingly religious people. If the performance of certain rites and ceremonies which never affect the moral character nor make men lead better lives is a sign of devotion, then they are indeed worthy of being called religious. If, however, something more practical is demanded than this, then they have no right to so high a title.

Another sight worth seeing is the great Examination Hall, where at the triennial examinations at least eight thousand students assemble, each one hoping to attain the coveted honour of a degree. They know that out of the whole number not more than about a score can possibly be rewarded with it, no matter what may be their ability, for it has been settled by an inflexible law that only this small proportion will be allowed to pass. The excitement that exists when the examinations take place is wide-spread and profound. Throughout the entire province the scholars from every district who have already gained their B.A. in the prefectural examinations wend their way to this provincial capital, where alone they can compete for their M.A., each one in the hope that he will gain the honour which is to bring distinction and possibly wealth to himself and to his family. There are certain restrictions laid down in regard to those who may not compete for any literary degree. Play actors, and mandarin-runners,

and the sons of prostitutes, and barbers are disqualified by their profession and reputation from ever attaining to such honours. Outside of these, every student, no matter what his status in society, has the privilege of presenting himself before the examiner, and the chance of carrying off the highest distinction that scholarship and genius can earn. The sons of the wealthy, carried in their sedan chairs and attended by servants, pass through the city gates and wait the coming of the great



EXAMINATION HALL, CANTON.

man who is to decide their fate. Youths from the middle-classes, who can afford to ride only a portion of their journey, and who have hired a lad to carry the slender stock of bedding, etc., that they will require whilst they are away from home, come into the city in a more humble way, but with just as high hopes as those who entered proudly. Men clad in the poorest blue cottons, from homes where there is a daily struggle for existence, trudge along the roads that lead to this



TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GENII, CANTON.



famous town where the possibilities of wealth and honour are centred. They belong to the humblest classes, where pinching poverty is felt, and where the shadow of impending wants rests perpetually upon their families. They have to walk every foot of the weary journey, for all the money they have been able to scrape together will be scarcely sufficient to pay their expenses in the city and back again home, after the week's examinations are over. But their lowly birth and struggle for existence will be no bar to their attaining the highest positions that scholarship can give them, and the visions of future greatness which may charm away the miseries of the present, as they journey along the bad roads to the provincial city, may be turned into actual realities before many years have passed.

The shape that the ambition of the educated man takes in China is official life in the service of the Government. The civil offices are all filled by scholars. No one else is qualified. The viceroys, and tautais, and county magistrates are all selected from their number. It is true, indeed, in the military service that men who have never taken a degree rise to distinction; but they never have the possibility of gaining the highest honours such as the student has always before him. It is for this reason that the military mandarin never gains the respect paid to the civil mandarin, for his want of education has placed him upon a lower level than that which is as a matter of course occupied by his more learned rival. The aristocracy of China is composed of the scholars of the country, without any regard to their birth or fortunes; and in looking back into its ancient history it will be found that its sages and great teachers have been those who were not only learned themselves, but were also able to hand down their scholarship to succeeding ages, to be the inspiration of noble thoughts and the models of style for students in future generations.

We are much impressed with the industry and

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ity of the life we see around us. There is a disappearance of the loafer class, which is so conspicuous an element in the meaner parts of our home cities. There are no public-houses, with their attractions to the idle and dissipated; and so there is no temptation for crowds to gather and lounge about, and wear out their clothes by leaning against corners and engaging in horse-play. Every one seems to be more or less busy. The people who pass along the streets seem intent on business; and though the great heat has not lent them a leisurely gait, the look upon their faces betrays the various purposes that have to be fulfilled. In the shops goods are all displayed ready for purchasers, whilst travelling pedlars are standing in convenient places to show their various commodities, waiting for customers amongst the passing crowds. On the heads of bridges and in front of temples the country people have deeded stores of vegetables, which they display for the inspection of the housewives who come round to where they can buy the cheapest—sweet potatoes, smooth-skinned turnips, and leeks and garlic, and the red and purple-coloured egg plants, and a variety of

the Pearl River to the ancient city of Rams; and in both of these places we found a type of life different in many respects from any that we had hitherto seen in our travels. There is one thing, however, which has profoundly impressed us, and that is the essential unity of the Chinese, in spite of the great varieties of life and character that are to be found amongst them. The peoples of the different ports which we have visited are not only distinguished by many noticeable traits, but also by differences of language. The inhabitants of Shanghai, Foochow, Amoy, and Hong-Kong can no more converse with each other than can the natives of Russia with those of England or of France; whilst they again are separated from the peoples of the interior by the same linguistic differences that divide them from one another. It is an interesting fact that the Chinese in the four above-mentioned places find English the simplest and most handy means of communication. In spite of all this, the Chinese are, to all intents and purposes, one. They are a mighty whole, welded into one distinct entity by race instincts, by tradition, and by the teachings of their sages, which have gradually moulded the minds of the inhabitants of every part of the empire. In the great questions which affect the nation they have a common interest and common sympathies.

Throughout the preceding pages we have made it our purpose to describe things as they actually exist. In doing so we have had to draw pictures of the Chinese that may have given an unfavourable impression to those who do not know anything of them by practical experience. We need not say that it was very far from our purpose to produce any such result. It would be unfair to any nation to pronounce a judgment upon it and decide upon its character after having simply walked through the streets of a few of its towns, or conversed with a number of its people. There is much that we do not admire in the Chinese, but there is far

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that we do. They are a kind-hearted, and, in the country districts at least, a simple-minded people. The way to test this is to live amongst them, but especially to travel with them. It has been our good fortune both, and we can distinctly declare that the vague grotesque ideas which we had formerly entertained of the Chinese have vanished, and that now we regard them with a warm and friendly feeling, which no lapse of time will ever be able to obliterate.

In the many journeys we have made into the interior we have found, as a rule, that the men engaged to accompany us have not only turned out to be full of friendly sympathies, but also intensely loyal in the way they have discharged their duties. They had often to perform the most laborious services, sometimes under a burning sun, frequently along roads that it was a painful travel; but no word of complaint and no grumbling, except in a quaint and humorous way, would be heard from them. Our comfort and happiness were the things that seemed supreme in their minds, and it appeared to them a very little what should happen to themselves, when they should get their meals, or where retire to rest.

once more become the rulers of their own country. This process is now actually going on with their latest invaders. The Manchus took possession of China in the middle of the seventeenth century, and founded a dynasty that has lasted to the present time; but they are gradually, by the operation of unseen but inevitable laws, being slowly but surely metamorphosed into Chinamen. The Manchu garrisons which are stationed in the provincial capitals of the empire, and the Tartar mandarins who hold office throughout it, are identical in look and habits with the 'black-haired race' they have been sent to control, and it would require a very keen eye indeed to distinguish between the two. Manchuria, the ancestral home of this people, has now become a memory only and a tradition. Their fathers issued from this region in battle array, with lance and spear in hand, for the conquest of a country that had often done them grievous injury, and at the battle of Shanhai-Kwan the Chinese forces were routed with great slaughter. But never more will they return to what was once the abode of their ancestors, for the 'Sons of Han' have overflowed into it, and taken possession of it, whilst they themselves have been so transformed by the masterful touch of this mighty race that the land they conquered ages ago is now the one they look upon as their own, and the people that fled in dismay before their terrible onslaught are those with whom their destinies and their hopes are now for ever indissolubly associated.

The Chinese are an exceedingly shrewd people, and endowed with a more than ordinary amount of common sense. In many respects they are very much like the English. They have not the subtle, philosophical minds of the people of India. They have intellects that fit them more for the duties of common life, and for those studies which deal rather with the civilization and advancement of a nation than with vague metaphysical disquisitions. They have minds that fit them for grasping any subject, and they have hearts that are

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ple of the greatest affection. They are hospitable, possess many social virtues. Many of their vices failings are owing to the unhappy circumstance or ages they have lost the true knowledge of God.

highest teachers have been men who died more twenty centuries ago, while the living models of they should live to-day are the depraved and untainted priests of systems which, once famous, have degenerated into pure idolatry. When that one

life that has uplifted every land where He has shed shall be revealed to this great people, and

He has been accepted by them as their Saviour, the nation will have an opportunity of proving to the world how noble are many of the qualities that really the foundation of the character of its people.

turn our backs without regret upon the crowded streets of Canton and the sullen, haughty faces that greet us there. We are glad once more to be gliding in our large steamer down the river, looking upon the smiling face of Nature. The White Cloud Mountains seem to be in their sunniest mood, and the river sparkles as though its heart were brimming over with laughter.

